

# LIFE

IN THIS ISSUE  
**SPECIAL SECTION FOR CHILDREN**  
23 PAGES OF CHRISTMAS FUN IN COLOR



20 CENTS

DECEMBER 25, 1950

CIRCULATION OVER

5,200,000





PAINTED FOR PLYMOUTH BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

*"Merry Christmas, Grandma...we came in our new PLYMOUTH!"*



MEN! IT WAS  
ALL THE SAME  
IN 20 B.C.



# THE TECHNIQUE OF THE LOVE AFFAIR

By OVID, Roman Poet 43 B.C.—17 A.D.

These verses are from Ovid's *Lovers' Handbook*, published by Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London, and translated by the late F. A. Wright of London University.

It is by art ships sail the sea,  
It is by art that chariots move,  
If then unskilled in love you be  
Come to my school and learn to love.

Now listen, all you young recruits,  
And learn the numbers of your drill.  
*One*—pick a girl who with you suits,  
Kind and complaisant to your will.  
*Two*—see that you her love secure.  
*Three*—do your best that it endure.

If you wish to win a lass,  
First find the place where girls  
resort,  
And watch the darlings as they pass,  
And choose to whom you'll pay  
your court.  
You may not have to travel far  
Or visit any foreign spa!

Whether you like them young and green,  
Or choose instead the ripe and mellow,  
Or else prefer the age between,  
There's choice of each for every fellow.  
The only trouble, you'll confess,  
Comes from *embarras de richesse*.

Most of all the theatre scan;  
That is love's choicest hunting-ground,  
Where maiden mingles close with man  
And every sort of game is found.

And don't forget the circus where  
The gallant steeds contending race;  
Full many a maiden visits there,  
It is a most commodious place;  
And you can say just what you mean,  
No need for nods and winks as screen.

Nor will they stop you if you take  
Position by the lady's side,

The narrow seats occasions make,  
Your body close to hers applied;  
There's little room, so you must sit  
Tight squeezed and there's no helping it

To start a talk is now your task:  
Begin with something old and trite  
And then pretend her aid to ask—  
Which are you backing, blue or white?  
Whose is it? If she knows the name  
And says she's backed it, do the same.

A banquet too is often good  
And gives a chance when dinner's over;  
There's something there, beside the food,  
That eager suitors may discover,  
When Bacchus and young Love combine  
Their arms and horns to intertwine.

But do not to the lamp-light trust  
If you intend to judge of beauty,  
For evening and the wine-cup must  
Seduce a critic from his duty.

Full many a blemish unrevealed  
May pass at night without remark;  
Full many a girl, her faults concealed,  
May seem quite handsome in the dark  
To judge of gems or dyes aright  
Or faces—wait till morning's light.

First and foremost:—With a maid  
Make up your mind that you will win her;  
Don't hang around or be afraid,  
That marks a very raw beginner;  
If you will set your snares aright  
You'll quickly hold your captive tight.

Do not try to show your wit  
Or vex your girl with ancient lore  
That will not please the slightest bit,  
She'll think you a prodigious bore;  
None but a fool would send a maiden  
A letter with an essay laden.

Keep to a simple homely style  
With words familiar to her ears  
That shall by flattery beguile,  
So she may think 'tis you she hears.

As river banks are undermined  
From the swift stream that passes by,  
So to girls' hearts a passage find  
By gentle words of flattery;  
Praise her fair cheeks, her tresses neat,  
Her shapely hands, her slender feet.

For even when a maid is chaste  
Her beauty is a thing she prizes,  
Nor would she on the desert waste  
The charms her mirror advertises;  
She loves to know that she is fair,  
To bathe her limbs and dress her hair.

Let exercise your body brown:  
Don't slobber: see your teeth are clean:  
Your hair well cut and brushed quite down:  
Your cheeks close shaved with razor keen:  
Your toga spotless, white, and neat:  
Your sandals fitting to your feet.

Remember too your nails to pare  
Bathe well your body to be sure,  
Pluck from your nostrils every hair,  
*A noisome breath with citron cure*—  
And that is all you need to know:  
The rest the girls you may allow.

Don't press too hard a modest maid  
Or woo too aptly the beginner,  
For if you do, she'll be afraid,  
And you will never, never win her.

Before I end I'd better say  
That maidens have a thousand wiles.  
You must a thousand tricks essay  
If you would bask within their smiles.



— YOU HAD THE RIGHT IDEA, OVID, BUT  
THE WRONG REMEDY

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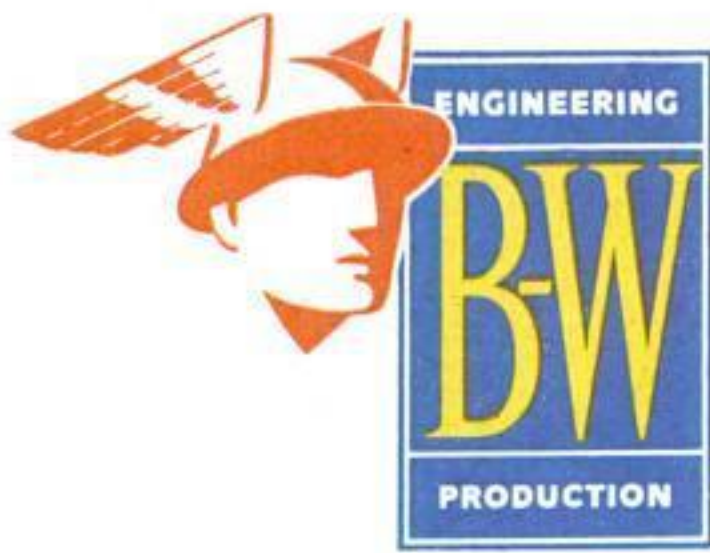


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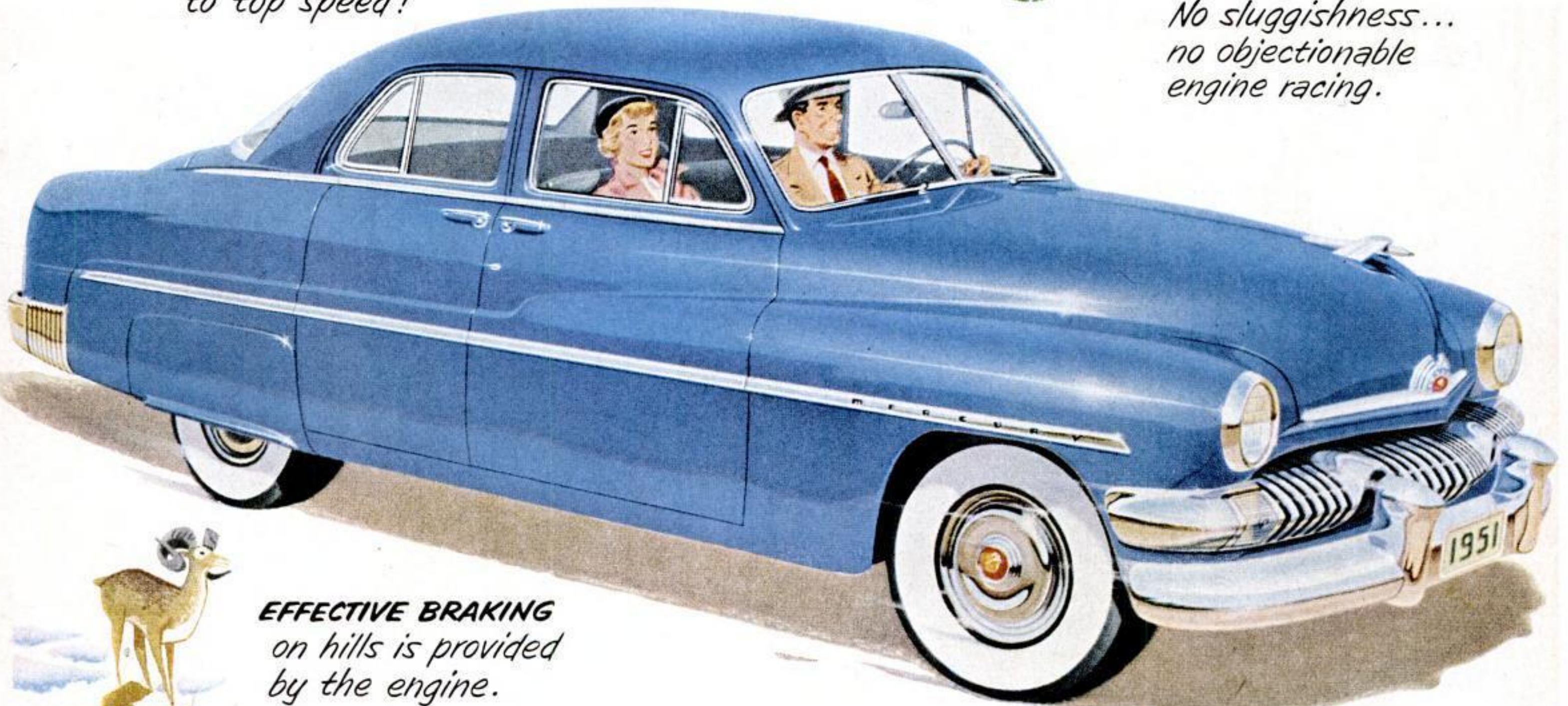
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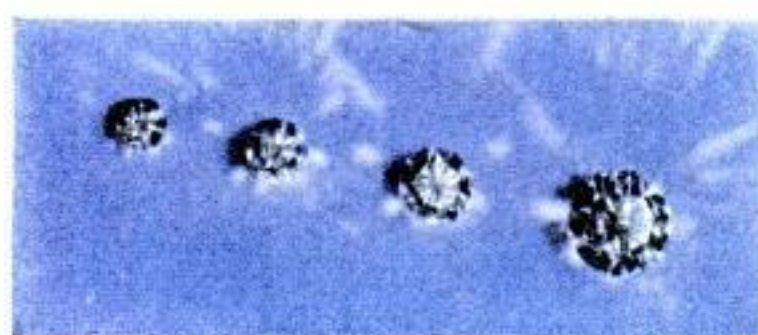


Honeymoon by the Bay . . . painted for the De Beers Collection by Jean Hugo

## May your happiness last as long as your diamond

*As shimmering water mirrors the brightness in the day, your gleaming engagement diamond reflects the happiness in your heart. This fair token of love declares your hopes and dreams, and holds them close through all the years for constant recollection. That is why your diamond seems to grow in loveliness. Your diamond, though it may be modest in cost, should be chosen with care, for nothing else on earth can take its place.*

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The prices shown were secured for your guidance through a nationwide check in October, 1950. Jewelers were asked for the prices of their top-grade engagement ring diamonds in the weights indicated. The result is a range of prices, varying according to the qualities offered by different jewelers. Exceptionally fine diamonds are, of course, higher priced. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Add Federal tax.

When choosing your engagement stone . . . remember color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. It is important to seek the counsel of a trusted jeweler. He will help you find the size and quality and style of stone that is in keeping with your preferences, and what you wish to spend.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## SHOES AND OWNERS

Sirs:

My wife and I didn't do so well on picking out the people by their shoes (Speaking of Pictures, LIFE, Dec. 4), but we thought we might be able to tell a person's occupation by his appearance. Here are our guesses. How did we do?

1) Columbia University student, 2) unemployed actor, 3) retired Kansas farmer, 4) ex-N.Y. cop, 5) salesman for ladies' ready-to-wear firm, 6) utility company employee, 7) truck driver, 8) unemployed painter's helper, 9) liquor dealer, 10) statesman, 11) clerk in a hardware store.

JACK RUMMELL

Pomona, Calif.

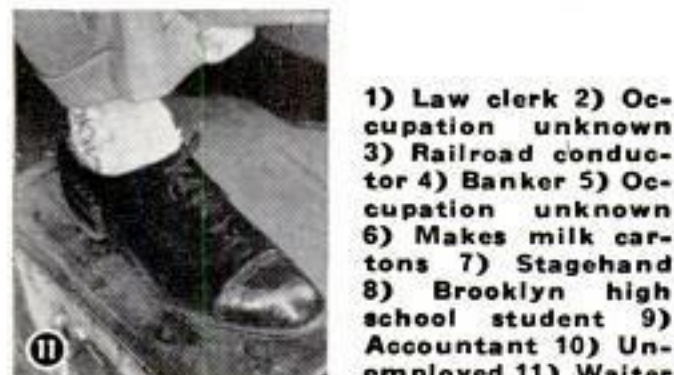
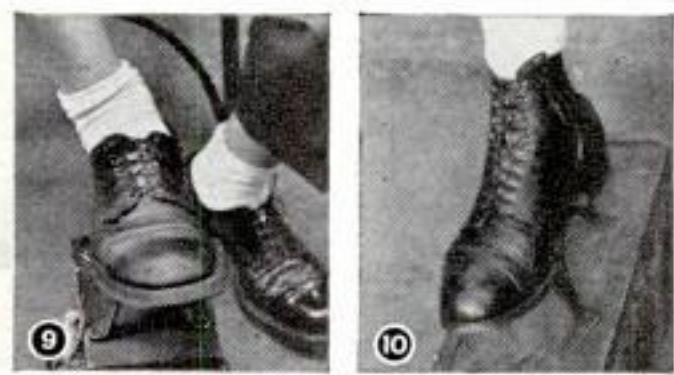
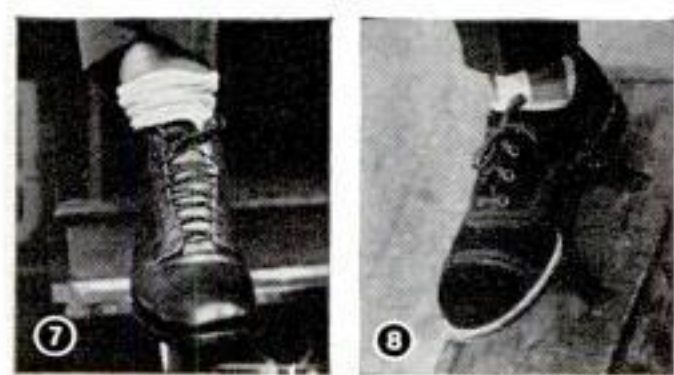
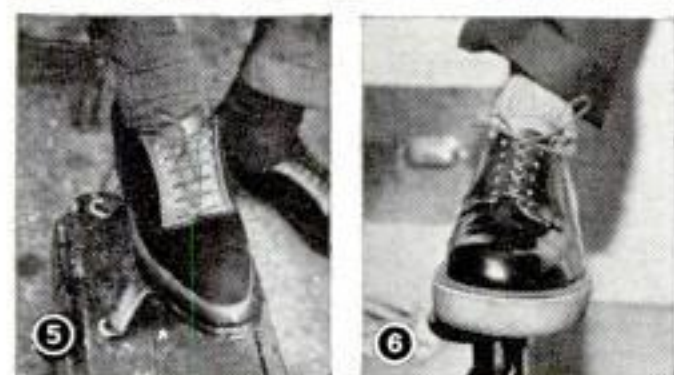
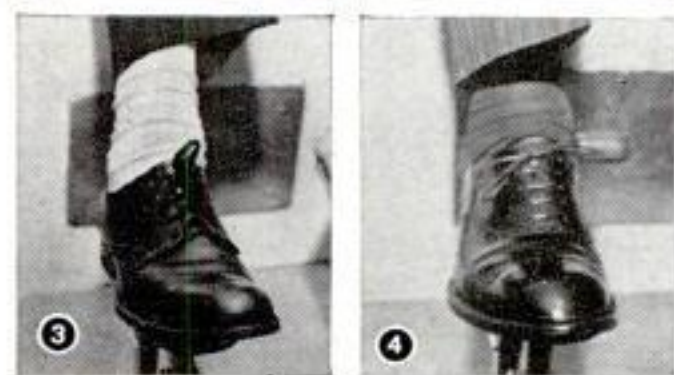
Sirs:

The following are my classifications of the people appearing in Speaking of Pictures: 1) Princeton undergraduate, 2) he came to New York to get into some phase of theater work, 3) a retired elevator starter, 4) a papal knight, 5) book-maker, 6) shipping clerk, 7) runs a grocery, 8) Brooklyn high school student, 9) wholesale dealer in vegetables, 10) sexton of an Episcopal church, 11) press agent for a blond nightclub performer.

BROOKS EDWALL

Washington, D.C.

Below are the shoes and the correct occupations.—ED.



1) Law clerk 2) Occupation unknown 3) Railroad conductor 4) Banker 5) Occupation unknown 6) Makes milk cartons 7) Stagehand 8) Brooklyn high school student 9) Accountant 10) Unemployed 11) Waiter

## CROW-HUNTING

Sirs:

Dave Goodnow, whom you showed in "Life Goes Crow-Hunting" (LIFE, Dec. 4), does not always shoot crows. He



rescued one young crow from a nest and gave it to my son Will as a pet. Here is a picture of Will feeding his crow, Crocus.

MRS. W. F. BARRETT JR.

Great Barrington, Mass.

Sirs:

When it labels the crow a "pest" LIFE is at least 100 years behind the times. John James Audubon demonstrated his remarkable powers of observation in this quotation from *Birds of America*, published in 1837-1839:

"The Crow devours myriads of grubs every day of the year, that might lay waste the farmer's fields; it destroys quadrupeds innumerable, every one of which is an enemy to his poultry and his flocks. Why then should the farmer be so ungrateful, when he sees such services rendered to him by a providential friend, as to persecute that friend even to the death? ... I cannot but wish that they would reflect a little, and become more indulgent toward our poor, humble, harmless and even most serviceable bird, the Crow."

LEE HAYDEN

New York, N.Y.

## NORTH POLE

Sirs:

Accompanying your picture, "This Is the North Pole" (Picture of the Week, LIFE, Dec. 4), is a statement that the picture was taken at "2:30 p.m. Arctic Time." Just what is Arctic Time? Since all the meridians of longitude terminate at the poles, it seems to this reader that a person at either pole has at his disposal any of the 24 hours of the day which he can call the standard time.

KEARNEY KLINE

Jeffersonville, Ind.

There is no such thing as Arctic Time. It was 2:30 p.m. by the fliers' watches, which had been set in Fairbanks, Alaska.—ED.

## WEATHER

Sirs:

LIFE's buckets hold three gallons. That is the profound deduction I have made after reading in LIFE that the peak flow of the American river reached a speed at Sacramento of "nearly a half million buckets a second" ("Cold Air Hits Warm Air," LIFE, Dec. 4).

The peak discharge of the American as it crested at Sacramento was about 200,000 cubic feet per second. If this is equal to 500,000 or LIFE's buckets, the buckets hold 0.4 cubic foot. There being 7.5 gallons in a cubic foot, LIFE's buckets contain 3 gallons compared to a 2½-gallon conventional bucket.

One assumption was made—that LIFE's buckets were full.

H. C. ENDERLIN

Sacramento, Calif.

Full? They were overflowing.—ED.

Sirs:

You say the football fans at Columbus could not tell "who was on first." What kind of football do they play in Ohio where they use a first base? Even I, a high school senior girl, know better than that!

BETTIE BURNS

Tallahassee, Fla.

So does LIFE which was being funny—or hoped it was.—ED.

## TONSILS

Sirs:

Is LIFE a medical journal now? I could very well have got along without seeing your Dec. 4 article on "Tonsils."

ROBIN C. HARRIS

North Palo Alto, Calif.

Sirs:

Let us have more articles and pictures like "Tonsils."

JOHN H. SANDERSON

Chicago, Ill.

## THIS IS BERLIN

Sirs:

Millions of people are still homeless, hungry or crippled because of what the Berliners and their friends did to them. But you boys and girls at LIFE ("This Is Berlin," Dec. 4) think it is ducky that the perfume and nightclub businesses in the unrepentant capital of the Third Reich are booming once again.

JOHN MAASS

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Berliners were also gay and brave when London was blitzed, when France was invaded and plundered, when innocent Lidice was destroyed without a trace and when thousands of peaceful, helpless people were killed in gas chambers and concentration camps.

JOSEPH KRIMSKY, M.D.

Huntington, W. Va.

Sirs:

... How can you forgive so easily?

ARLENE HERMAN

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

... One of these days LIFE will feature the "gay Muscovites."

EDA TEVELIN

Uniontown, Pa.

Sirs:

In your issue of Dec. 4 you show the picture of a bombed-out villa in Berlin. Here is a photograph showing how this house looked before it was so badly damaged. I am the owner of the villa.

HUGO KAFKA

Beverly Hills, Calif.



VILLA, PREWAR

## WORST BULL

Sirs:

We, the students of Guthrie High School, wish to thank you for the fine article ("The Worst Bull in Oklahoma," LIFE, Dec. 4). We do regret though that you neglected to mention the names of the boys. At the right of the leading picture is Richard Dreessen, who had the grand champion steer of the junior division at the American Royal Stock Show in Kansas City this fall. Ernest Davis, the boy on the left, is president of the Guthrie Future Farmers of America chapter, one of the few gold medal chapters in the nation.

JAMES FARMER

Guthrie, Okla.

Sirs:

We of Guthrie High School greatly appreciate the picture. But we feel a little let down that you didn't identify the boys. ...

FRANK DANIEL

Guthrie, Okla.

Sirs:

We of the student body of Guthrie High School appreciate sincerely ... but ...

CORALIE BIGGS

Guthrie, Okla.

Sirs:

We of Guthrie ...

NORVALEA COX

Guthrie, Okla.

Sirs:

We ...

COLLEEN ALLEN

Guthrie, Okla.



DAVIS AND DREESSEN

All right, all right Here they are.—ED.

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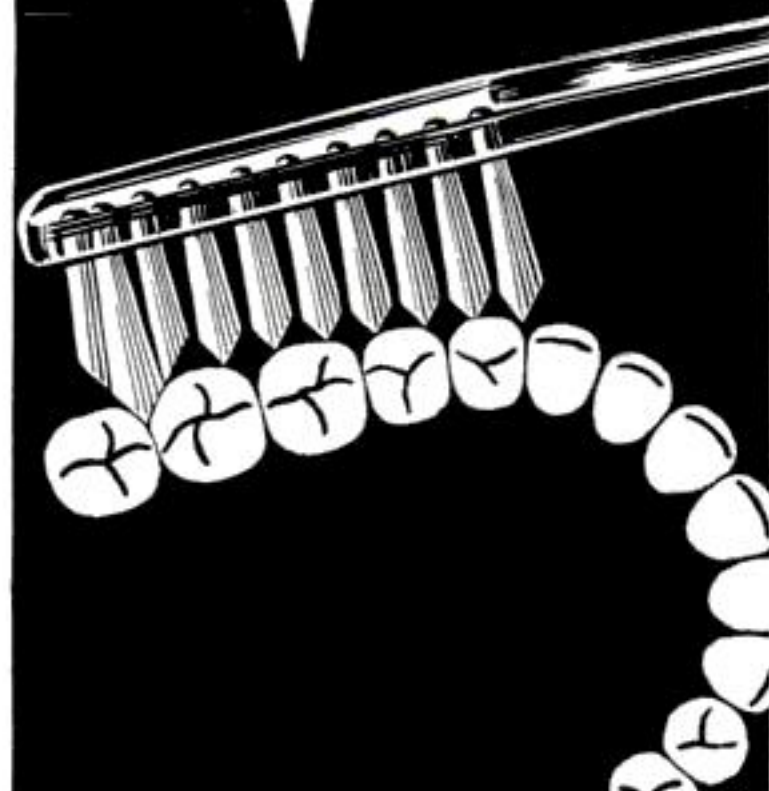
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## NOTICE TO LIFE'S READERS

Because of the embargo placed on rail shipments  
as a result of the switchmen's strike, some readers  
may be late in receiving their copies of this issue.

## LIFE'S COVER

People who are acquainted with the work of Art-  
ist John Koch, one of the best-known portrait  
painters in the U.S., may find his cover painting  
very familiar, although none of them has ever seen  
it before. When LIFE began to search for a Christ-  
mas cover that would go hand in hand with the  
special 23-page children's section which begins on  
page 29, the editors were much impressed with an-  
other, very similar painting that Artist Koch had  
done some 15 years ago. But when he was asked for  
permission to reproduce the work, Koch said, "I  
can do better now," and forthwith painted this  
brand-new version just in time for this week's issue.



The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gar-  
thered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture  
(left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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# "Where are you?" asked a breathless little voice

## The little boy who talked to Santa Claus



**Direct Line to Toytown**—Billy had seen Santa Claus in the stores. But this was the first time he had ever talked to him by telephone from his home.

Billy was four and a half and as full of questions as a quiz program.

But the telephone man didn't mind. He had a little boy of his own and he knew how it was. Patiently he kept explaining every step as he installed the new telephone in Billy's home.

Finally the job was done and he was about to make the usual call to the Central Office to be sure everything was in perfect working order.



**SANTA'S HELPER**—"Would you like to talk to Santa Claus?" he asked. "Right now—over this telephone?"



But it wasn't the usual call this time. For it happened to be just a little while before Christmas and you know how excited a little boy of four and a half can get about then. And the installer and his co-workers at the Central Office had something specially arranged for just such a situation.

"Would you like to talk to Santa Claus?" he asked. "Right now—over this telephone?"

"Ooooh! Yesss!" said Billy.

So the telephone man got the Central Office and asked Santa Claus to come to the telephone if he wasn't too busy making toys.

Said there was a nice little boy named Billy who wanted to talk to him. By now Billy's eyes were big as saucers, but quick as a flash he had the receiver to his ear. Next thing he knew, he heard a voice saying—

"Hello, Billy. This is Santa Claus."

"Where . . . are . . . you?" asked a breathless little voice.

"The North Pole," said Santa.

"Is it cold up there?" Etc. Etc. Etc.

They talked for several minutes and there wasn't a happier lad in all the land than Billy. You can just bet those telephone people were pretty happy about it too.

**THIS IS A TRUE STORY** of how a telephone installer spread gladness among little boys and girls wherever he found them in the homes he visited during the pre-Christmas period. . . . Nobody asked him and his Santa Claus conspirators in the Central Office to do it. It was their own idea—and just another example of the friendly spirit of telephone people. . . . Wherever they are, and whatever they do, they aim to serve you not only with efficiency but with courtesy and consideration as well.

**Bell Telephone System**





# LIFE

Vol. 29 No. 26 December 25, 1950







# THERE WAS A CHRISTMAS

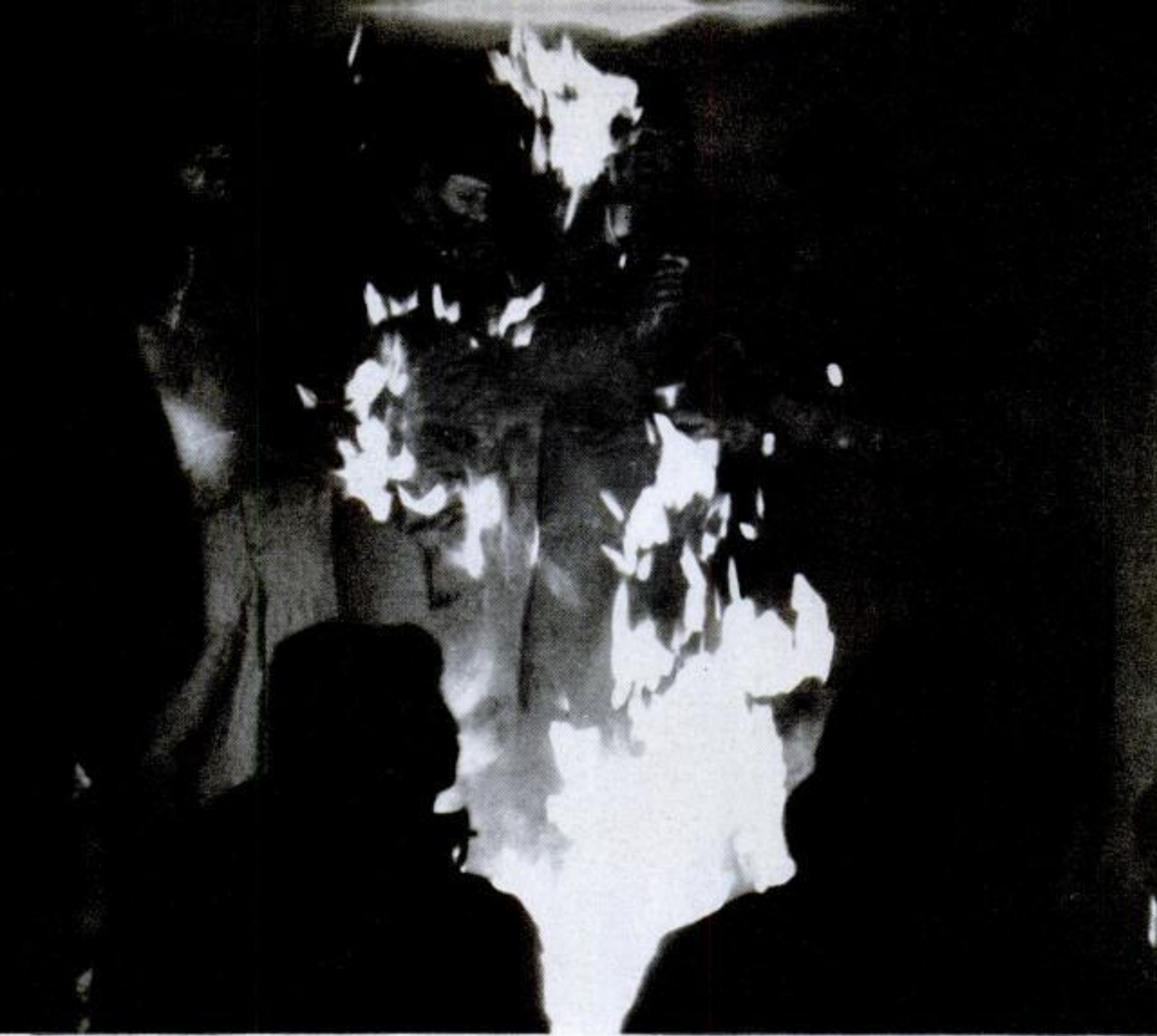
Heads bent against the furious cold,  
Marines trudge along in the lee of a hill  
toward a sea that is always just beyond the horizon.

in Korea, although it was all over before the 25th of December. It was a cold and bitter Christmas, but Americans can be more thankful for it than for all their parties and presents. It took place in the valley of the shadow of death, through which Marines and soldiers fought their way from the Changjin Reservoir to a haven on the Japan Sea. This is the story of the incredibly gallant Marines, who fought fantastic odds but brought out their equipment, their wounded and their dead. This is what it was like for those who survived unhurt, for those who were wounded and pulled through and for those whose Christmas is now forever.

← This is the face of a man who eats frozen rations in the snow and who may be interrupted at any moment to run, to fight or to die.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN





Even at the risk of drawing bullets from snipers, Marines try to warm themselves at a fire just before they resume their march at dawn.



Under fire from the nearby hills, a Marine crouches behind his jeep and waits for flanking patrols to clean up the Reds.



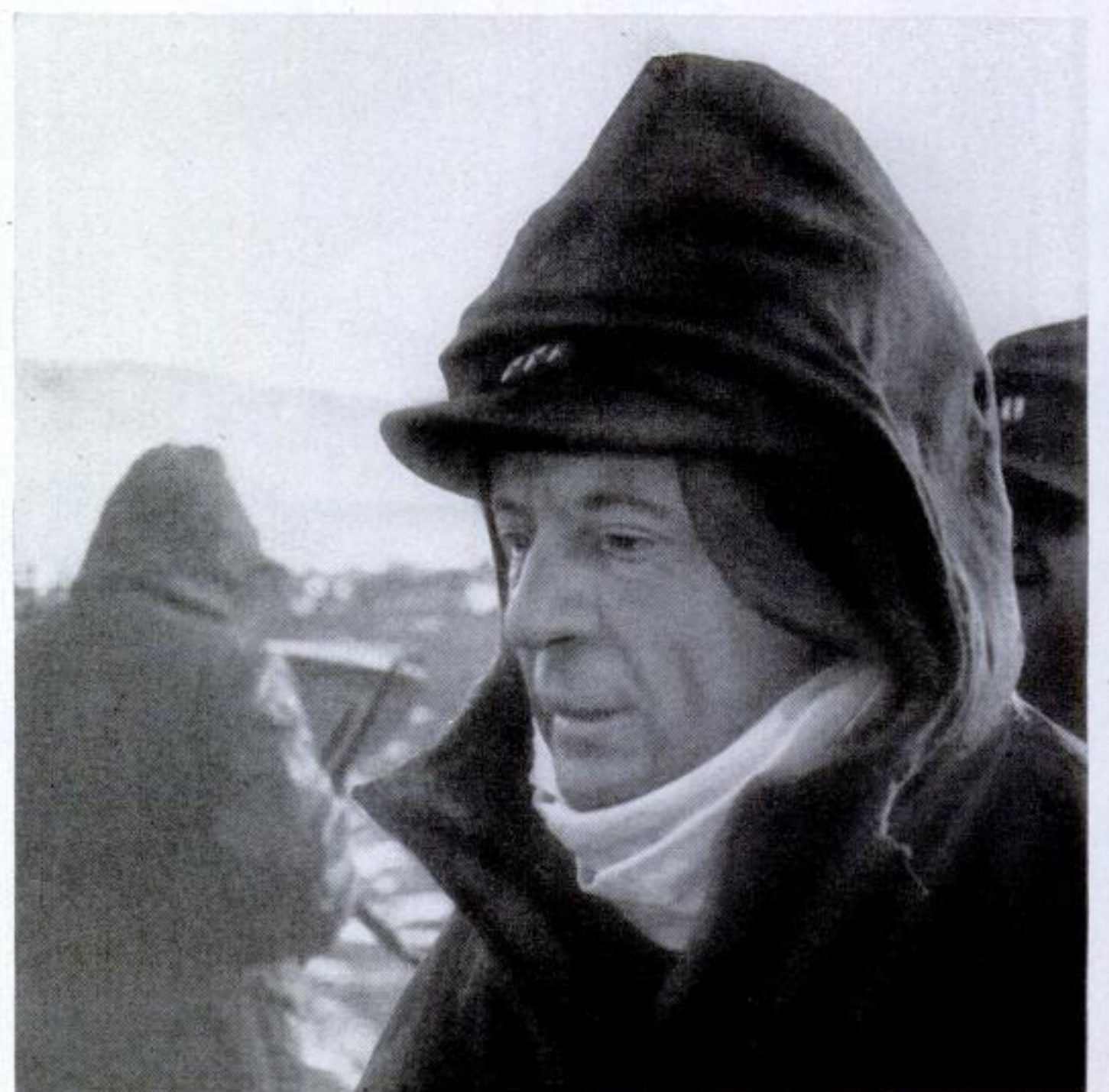
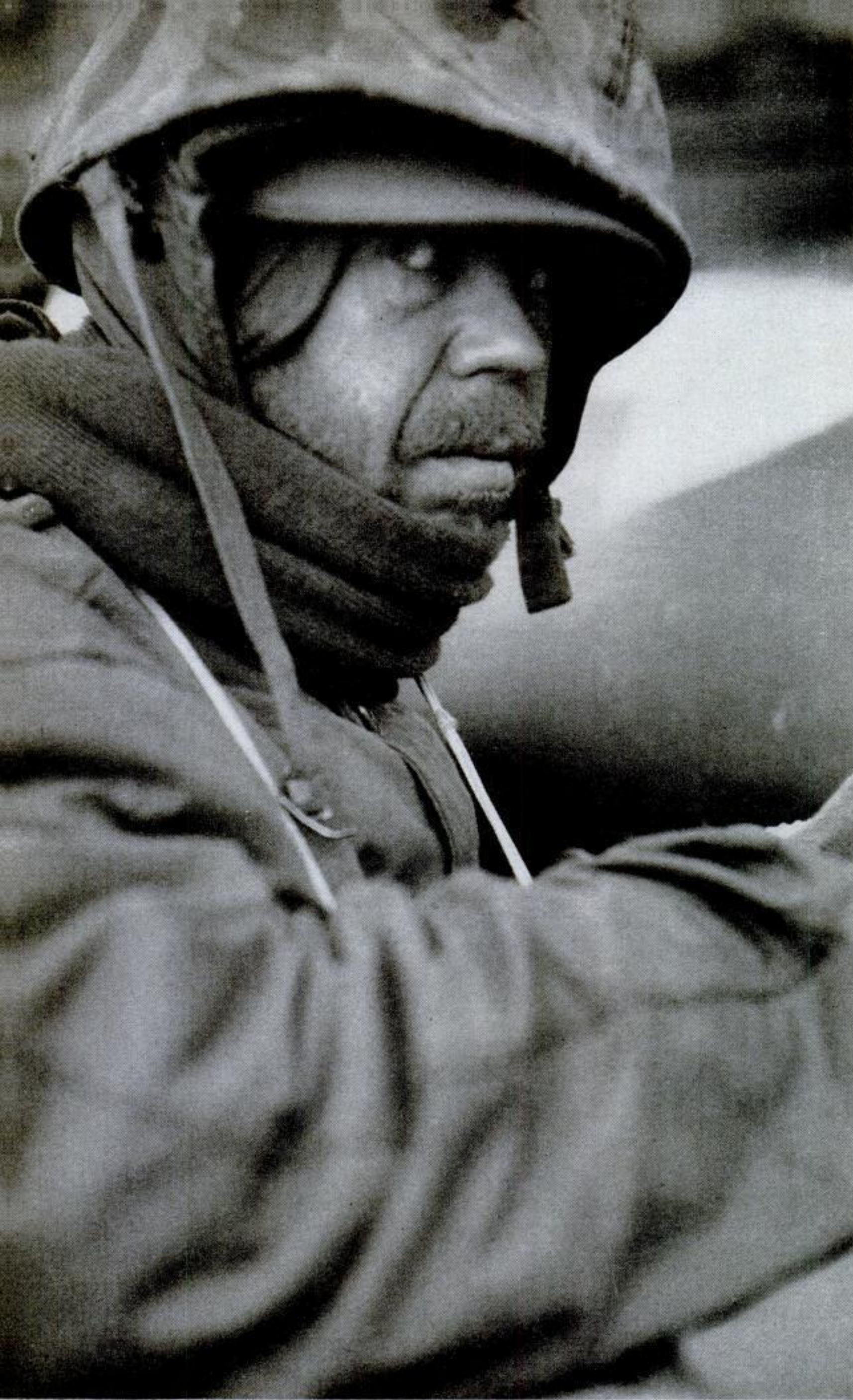
← Wrecked vehicles block the road. Calmly the troops stripped them of their equipment, shoved them aside and grenaded them.



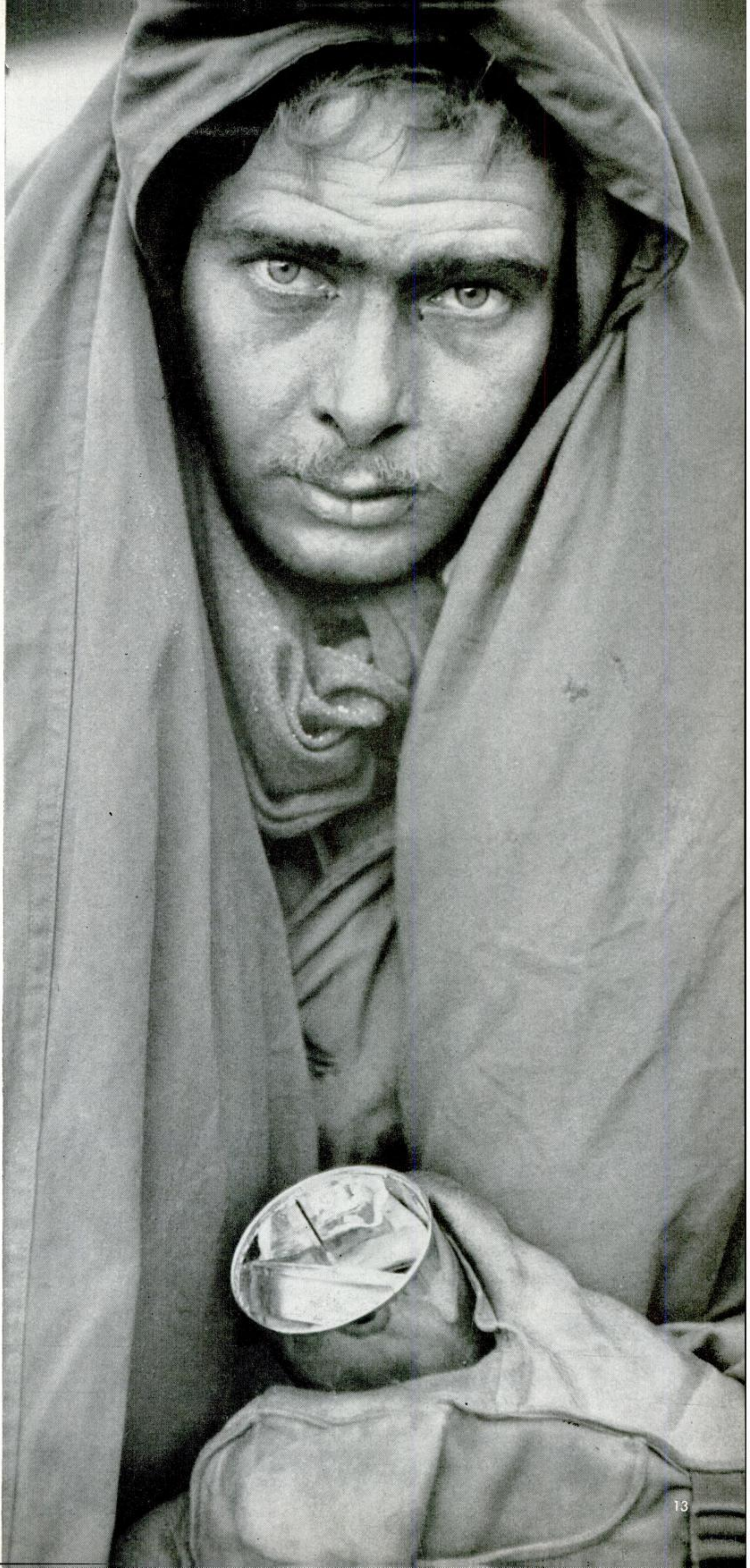


Across the wintry landscape, along a single road gashed from the hillside, the long column snakes toward Hamhung.









## EYES of men

who have looked at undiluted hell  
are not pleasant to meet  
soon after. These are the faces  
of a general named Lemuel Shepherd  
and some other brave men.  
There is no fear in their faces  
and no great hatred.  
They were simply fighting their  
way out and hoping to stay alive.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





Bringing out their armor, Marines roll along the last stretch of the escape route. They left not one piece of usable equipment behind.



Just before meeting the relief column which drove out from Hamhung to help them, the Marines begin to relax. They are out of the snow, but it is still bitterly cold.



Exploding ammunition makes a huge cloud in the valley. Marines, having linked up with the Third Infantry Division, destroyed excess supplies to keep Reds from getting them.



The living walk and the dead ride. Those killed were brought down out of the hills to be buried in a hastily made cemetery near the port.



Completely exhausted, a Marine sleeps at the wheel of his halted jeep while his pet Korean puppy whines in his ear.

Near the end of the road soldiers look but do not stop as they pass the bodies of men killed in the last Chinese ambush. These dead were picked up later.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE









In Carl Junction, Mo., Walter McCorkle's parents get ready for Christmas. He is a miner and too poor to give presents, but Mrs. McCorkle says, "I'm the best window-shopper in Missouri."

# WOUNDED

Marine Corporal Walter McCorkle was hit by a Chinese grenade on Dec. 6. He was put in an ambulance in the retreat to the sea and remembers that the big red cross was stitched through with bullet holes. "I'd keep dreaming of falling down a deep musty well," he said. "It bothered me. It wasn't like our well at home." But somehow he always got out of that well, at the bottom of which was death. From Hamhung he was flown to Japan, where the metal was removed from his body only six days after it was driven in. "They say I'm going home," he said. Home would be Carl Junction, Mo. (left).

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HANK WALKER



Corporal McCorkle winces as a doctor bandages his hip, while the doctor, who has been treating wounded Americans night and day, winces because he knows it hurts.





At Fukuoka hospital, litter bearers carry McCorkle into the receiving room. Motionless, he feels some pain.



Helped by a Japanese, they transfer him to a wheeled bed. This is agonizing, but there is little they can do about it except get it over quickly.



His filthy uniform is stripped off by a corpsman. Frequently uniforms are cut off—they are removed anyway.



A Japanese nurse helps him get into pajamas, gently easing them over shrapnel wounds in his arm, back and legs.

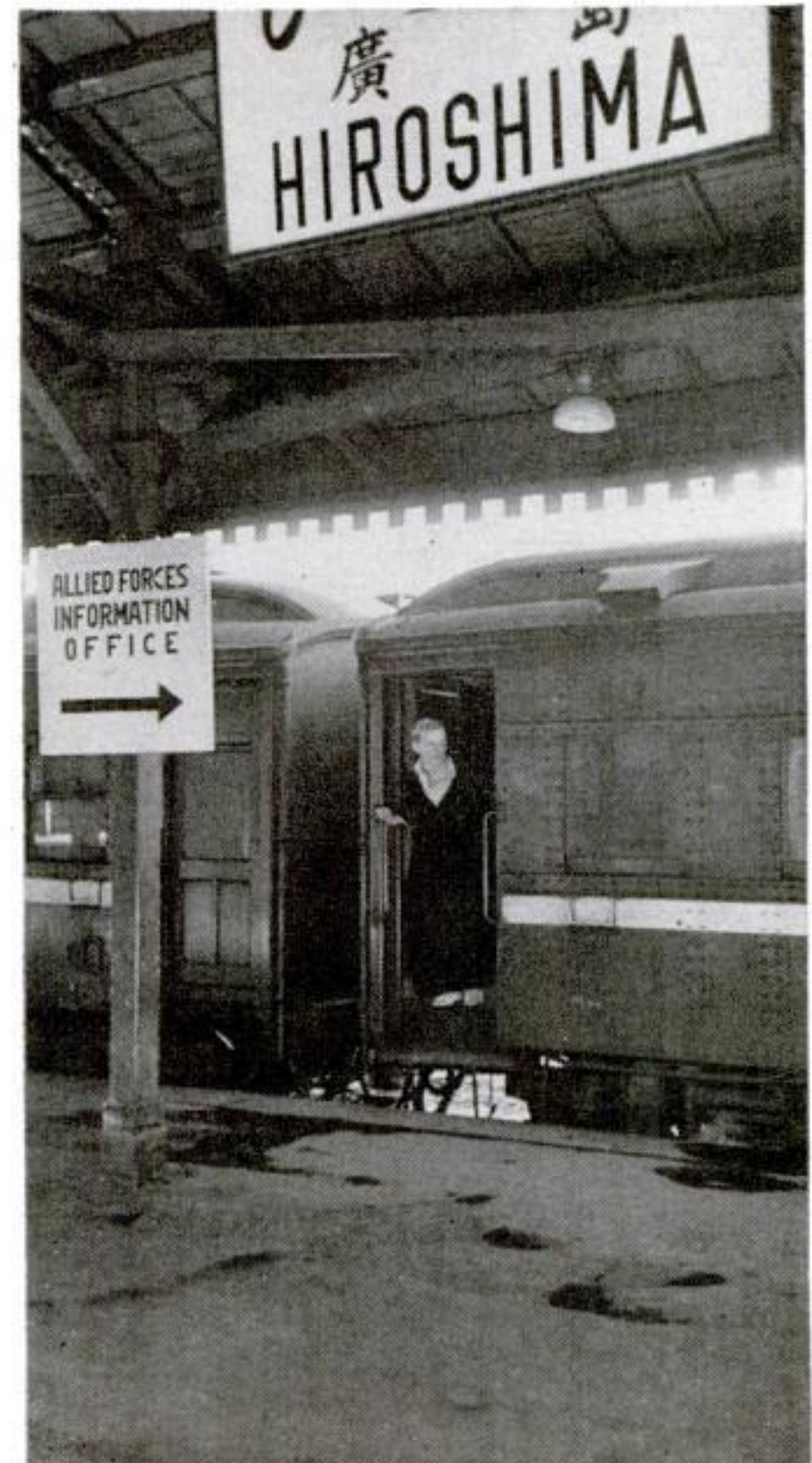


A corpsman shaves him. McCorkle's wounds got clean dressings in this hospital, but no X-rays were taken.



From Fukuoka, McCorkle rides to Yokosuka in a hospital train with scores of other wounded Marines.

A station with a strangely famous name got little attention from the wounded, but one goes to the door to stare. →



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





On the train Pfc. John Sanders, hospitalized with frozen feet, takes care of McCorkle's cards for him during a poker game.



X-ray reveals a fact McCorkle had not even suspected—he has an American-made .45-cal. bullet in his left thigh.



As he gets anesthetic injection, McCorkle covers his face in pain. Only novocain was used because operation was "minor."



In a naval hospital near Tokyo he tries to get up and walk. Nurse promptly ordered him back to bed.



Freshly shaved, his hair combed for the first time in weeks, McCorkle studies his new look.



The bullet comes out on the end of an instrument. It had passed through his right leg and almost through his left.



The operation over and his wound dressed,  
Corporal McCorkle  
holds up a prized souvenir





# The Blessing of God

IN EACH TROUBLED HEART, AND IN THE RIGHTNESS OF OUR CAUSE,  
WE SHALL FIND HIS SUSTAINING PRESENCE AND HIS GUIDING HAND

**I**N this year of grace, in this season of accustomed cheer, God is not asked to lead the big battalions. Or the small ones, either. There is in the temper and the conflict of our times some element of restraint which dissuades us from identifying our cause with God's and from maintaining, in the manner of World War I, that our armies are God's armies. The image of Christ does not emerge from the embattled hills, the snows, the smoke over the burning towns of Korea. Our men do not imagine that they see the figure of God, nor even God's people, in the columns of robed refugees who traverse the tortured land. In the harsh and saddening term of the time and place, our men see gooks.

Where, then, is God? Can we truly say, in this Christmastime of 1950, that we and any course open to us are blessed of God? Drop the Bomb; get out of Asia and stand in Europe; stand in both; play for time and build our strength for war—such are the courses to which we are driven by our enemy, and none is the way of the Prince of Peace. In this there is no new dilemma for Christians and for all who look to God. It is a dilemma as old as Christendom. But it is nonetheless acute and troubling now.

The only answers to it that have meaning are very simple answers. God, as always, is in the hearts of all who will have Him there. We, as a people, are indeed blessed of God. Blessed in the justice of our cause; in that conviction we do not waver. Blessed in plenty. Blessed in strength. Blessed in the courage—and it takes a kind of courage—to go about our essential ways in this time of deepest trouble. Blessed in our freedom to debate the alternatives posed to us, and to doubt them if we will, and finally to make our choice among the courses left to us by an enemy who requires no choice and has only the course of enslavement. We are blessed, most of all, in our heritage. In a set of beliefs or habits—call them what you will, the net of it is the same—in which God looms large. We do not need to put God at the head of our battalions. He is in them.

This is said with humility. For what is meant, let us turn back to Korea (where all who are lucky enough to be at home must in some part turn their thoughts this Christmas) and to the role of God's chaplains in that cruel war. Front-line soldiers do not like to have their chaplains romanticized, or made too much of, and in this they are right. But they do like to have the chaplains around, and they are very much around in Korea.

We recall a story, a glimpse through the eyes of a

correspondent, of a chaplain with the Marines who are pictured on the preceding 12 pages. It was in an earlier phase of the war, after a night of heavy loss with little gain. All night the chaplain had been riding the litter-jeeps, between the line and a forward aid station, and in the early dawn he had come to a command post for a moment of rest. A .45 was belted to his hip. Flecks of blood stained the sleeves of his fatigues. Dust obscured the cross on his collar. As he stood there, bowed in weariness and grief and telling of the night, he said no word of God or Christ. The only names he called were the names of the dead and wounded; his tale was of how the dead had gone and of how the living fared. The only signal of his calling was the "thank you, padre" which followed him as he turned and walked back to a waiting litter-jeep. But he left behind, and took with him, something of the tenderness and mercy of his God. Not a man saw him or heard him on his rounds but knew that he walked with his Master. Maybe God was not "in the foxholes" of that place. But He was near.

And He walks with others who wear the cross in Korea. Wear it, often, with pistols at their hips or carbines in their hands. Not to save themselves. The chaplains of this day who carry guns on occasion of stress do so to save the soldiers the burden and the risk of protecting them; for a man without arms, even though he be God's servant, is a danger to those who must otherwise take mundane care of him.

This is no parable, and no synthetic lesson is to be drawn from it. The only purpose of it is to be found in the knowledge, the reminder, that at home and on the battlefield God does walk with us now. With all of us, that is, who will heed His presence and take His hand for the journey through whatever valleys may lie ahead.

**A**T this season and on this page in last year's Christmas issue LIFE quoted these words of Christ that will never die. Jesus said:

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.  
Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me;  
For I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.  
For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

We said then—there, for all who elect to receive it, is the greatest gift. A gift, we say now, that grows more precious as the struggle mounts for all that is good and for all that is blessed of God.



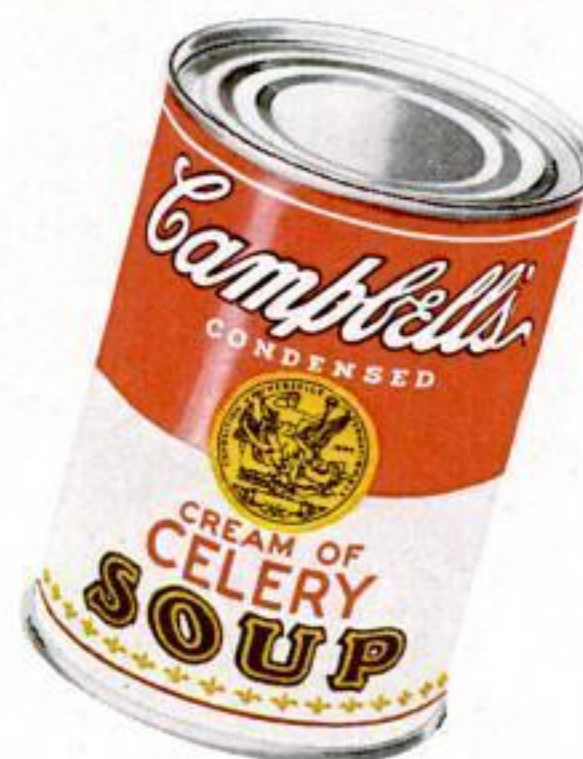
**GARDEN** *CELERY* **CRISP AND FRESH**  
**WITH HEAVY WHIPPING** *CREAM*

**Choicest celery...even the hearts ...  
in this new Cream Soup of Campbell's**

Yes, the finest, crispest celery that money can buy ... rushed on ice from the fields ... washed ... trimmed ... and whisked into the kettles. And this choice celery is puréed with extra-heavy whipping cream ... richer and thicker than you use in your own home! Then in go gentle seasonings ... selected cuts of celery ... and *soup's on!*

Try this delicious, velvety-smooth new cream soup today! It has the delicate, zestful flavor of the finest table celery. . . . Your family will love it!

*Campbell's*  
**CREAM OF CELERY SOUP**

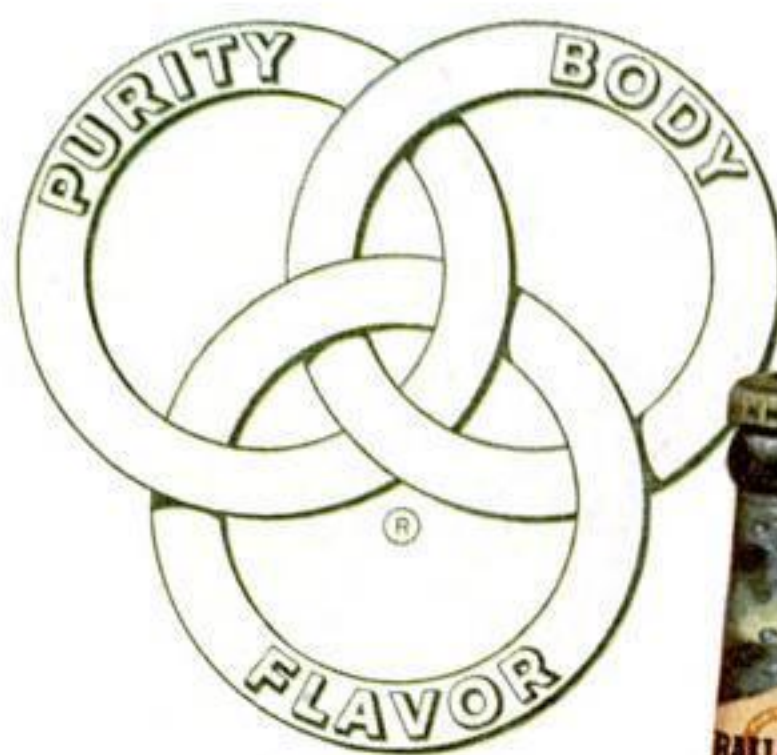


LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





**Ballantine Ale**  
**begins where**  
**other brews**  
**leave off...**  
**in flavor...**  
**in satisfaction!**



The **LIGHT** ale  
that's strong on flavor



*Try it for a change...and you'll never change back!*

**AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE**  
P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.





# Jigsaw Helmet

**2,400-YEAR-OLD HEADPIECE GETS BACK ITS CREST**

In southern Italy some 50 years ago archaeologists, rummaging through the ruins of a Greek colony founded in 700 B.C., dug up a bronze helmet curiously decorated with the head of a ram. Next to it lay an odd pile of metal—bronze fragments, which were the remains of ancient armor, and nine pieces of silver, which nobody could identify. In following years the helmet, accompanied always by its strange assortment of fragments, passed through various hands in Europe, finally wound up with an art dealer in Los Angeles. There it was spied by Perry Rathbone, director of the St. Louis art museum, who, eyeing the

fragments and ram's head, decided to buy the works for \$5,700. On the head he had detected faint markings which suggested a crest had once been fastened there. Although most Greek crests were made of horsehair, Rathbone suspected this one might have been of silver. On this hunch he took the helmet and silver fragments to Joseph Ternbach, a skilled restorer in New York, who began to fit the pieces together like a jigsaw puzzle, filling in gaps with new silver. After seven months he verified Rathbone's hunch, produced the resplendent work above. The only known crested Greek helmet in existence, it is now valued at \$25,000.



**RAMS' HEADS** shielded the cheeks of its wearer but left his ears uncovered.



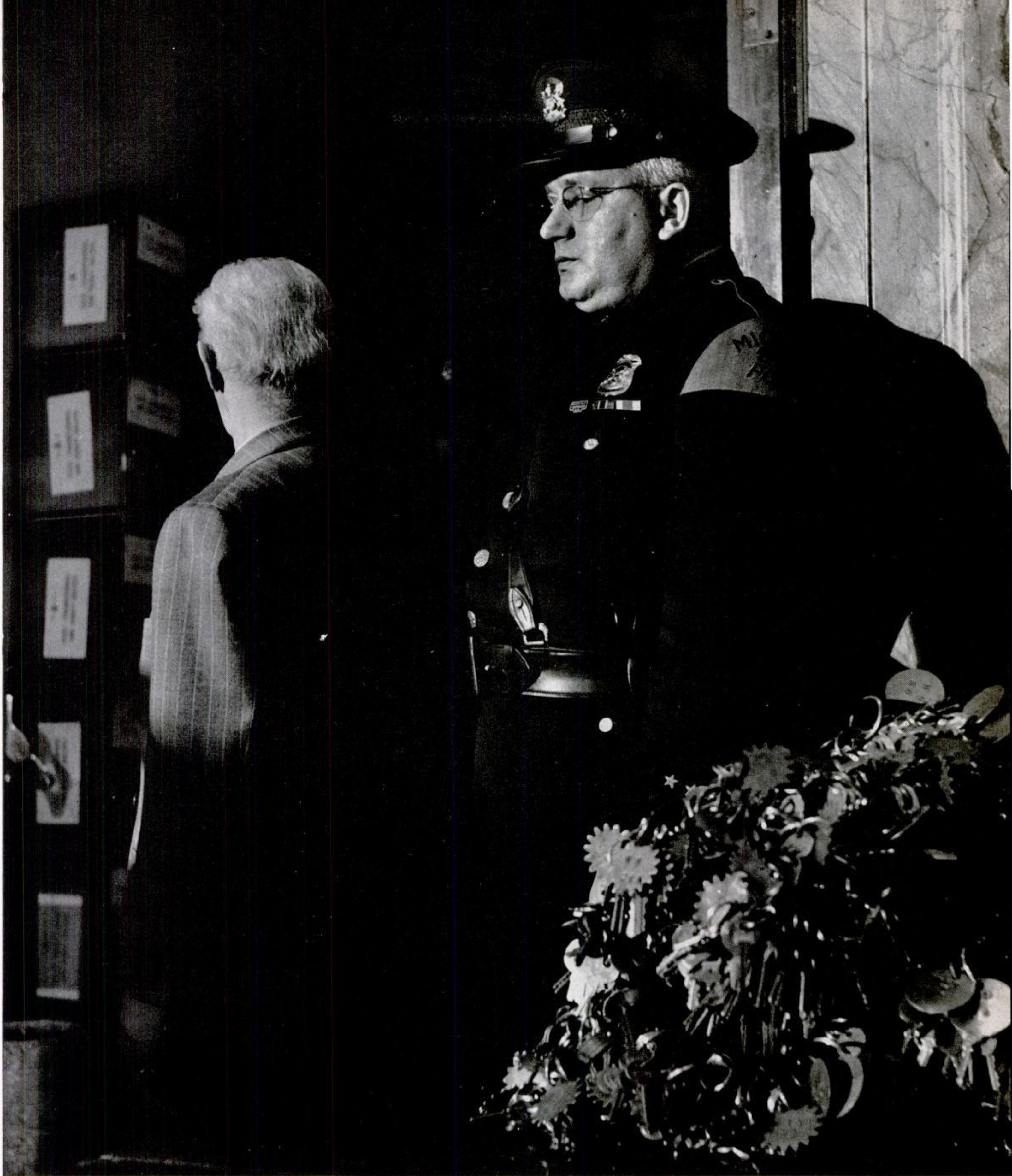


ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.  
ST. LOUIS

Something more  
than beer...  
A tradition in  
Hospitality

**Budweiser**  
LAGER BEER





MICHIGAN STATE TROOPER STANDS GUARD OVER BALLOT BOXES (LEFT) CONTAINING DISPUTED BALLOTS AND PILE OF BIG KEYS REQUIRED TO OPEN THEM

## THE LONG COUNT

Five weeks after Michigan voted, "Soapy" Williams learns he won

Five weeks after Michigan dutifully trooped to the polls and marked 1.9 million ballots to elect a governor, it found out who the governor was. First unofficial returns had indicated the winner was former Republican Governor Harry F. Kelly who departed, temporarily blissful, for a Florida vacation. But the final canvass showed the winner, by a microscopic 1,152 votes, was Democratic Incumbent G. Mennen

("Soapy") Williams. The Republicans, hoping they could invalidate an average of one Williams vote in each of Michigan's 4,361 voting precincts, demanded a recount. The theory proved right but the recount turned up another kind of boner (*next page*), as a result of which Soapy's lead lengthened steadily. Last week disconsolate Republicans called off the expensive, back-firing recount before it was finished.



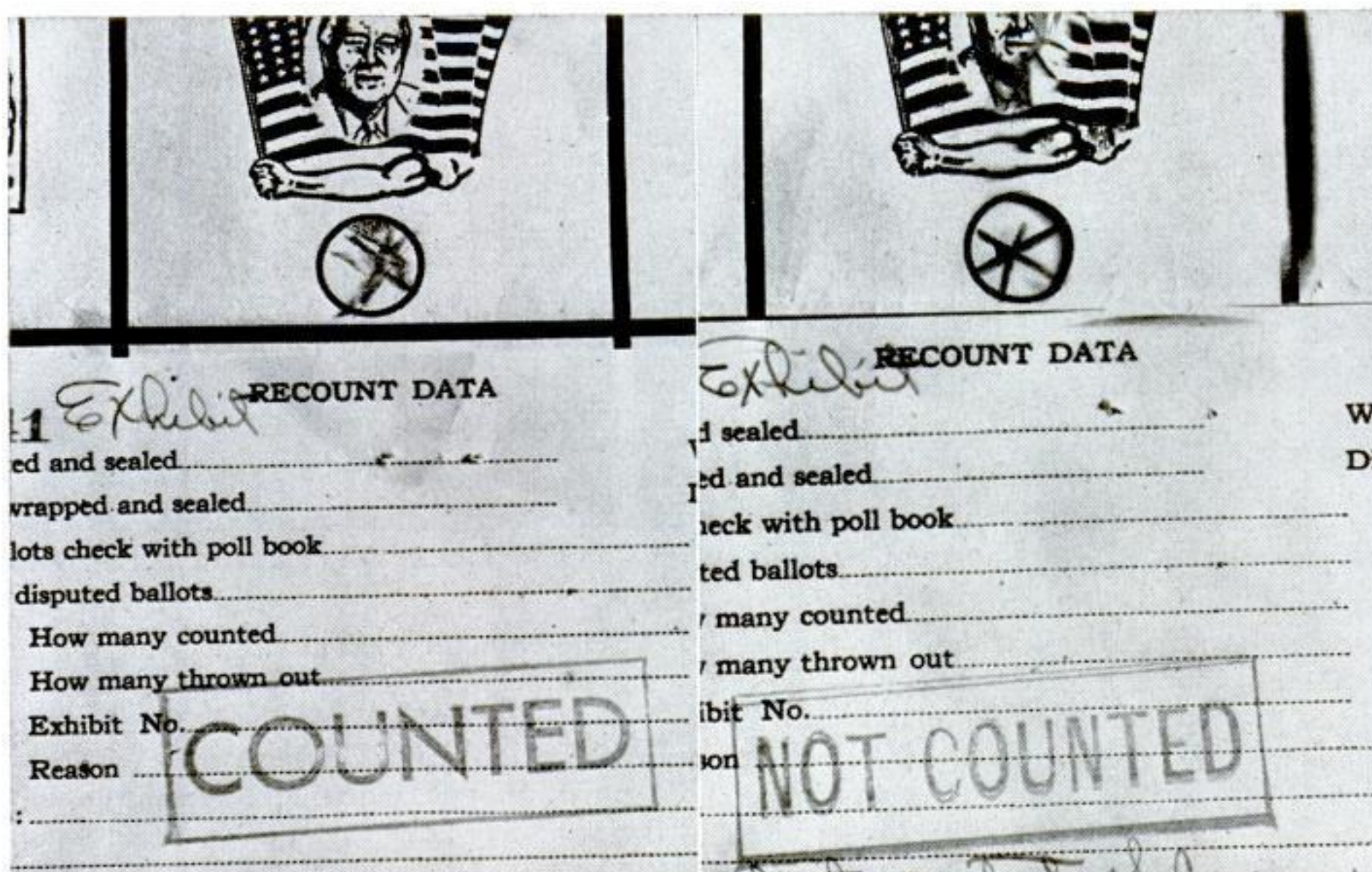


FACES OF ELECTION OFFICIALS, ABOUT TO OPEN A ROLL OF BALLOTS, REFLECT THE RECOUNT TENSION

## HAIRS WERE SPLIT WITH VIOLENT EMOTION

For the recount Republicans assembled a \$75,000 war chest and an army of 4,500 volunteer challengers on the theory that since many a Williams voter split his ballot, such ballots would contain many challengeable errors. They did (below). But as the tense, hairsplitting recount proceeded in Wayne County (right) and elsewhere, what Soapy lost by bad ballot marking he more than gained in the discovery of mathemat-

ical errors. One oleo-fingered election worker had included votes on a margarine measure in Kelly's total. As a result Soapy became the first Democrat in 36 years to win the governorship of Michigan in a nonpresidential year and—of enormous national importance—will appoint a replacement for Michigan's revered Republican statesman, Arthur Vandenberg, should he resign his Senate seat because of ill health.



TARGETS OF G.O.P. in challenging were ballots like these. Election rules say only an X can be marked

within the circle. Vague X at left was accepted but mark at right was ruled a star and therefore invalid.

## The Long Count CONTINUED



ONE ARGUMENT began over how ballots should be stacked on tables. What happened next is below.



ELECTION OFFICIAL (center) listens to Democrat argue (left) while a G.O.P. challenger glowers.



FLOOR MANAGER of recount is presently called in to arbitrate the trivial but loud and bitter dispute.



FINAL RULING is made by floor manager after which the ballots were gravely stacked on the table.



# "This is the first time I ever liked listening to Crosby!"

says HOPE

## HOPE:

For years, I've always stuck cotton in my ears whenever the Old Groaner opened his mouth. But now he's got something that sounds good. Really good. Let's hear it, kid.

## CROSBY:

Thank you, Mr. Hope. You are kind, very kind. Ladies and gentlemen, this isn't a song. It's just a suggestion. This year, let's *all* give U. S. Savings Bonds for Christmas presents. They make wonderful gifts. Tell 'em about those bonds, Chisel Nose.

## HOPE:

Gladly. It's all very simple—even Crosby understands how they work. In just ten years, they pay \$4 for every \$3 they cost. And they're appropriate for *everybody* on your Christmas list—young people, middle-aged people, and people as old as Crosby. Am I right, Bing?

## CROSBY:

For once in his life the old Scene-Stealer *is* right. But seriously, folks, nothing makes a more welcome, more sensible present than U. S. Savings Bonds. And you can buy 'em in any bank or post office. So—

## HOPE:

So why not give the very finest gift in America—U. S. Savings Bonds!

Give the finest gift  
of all...  
U.S. Savings Bonds



Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.





Here are 8 Robert Montgomerys. Don't be misled by that easy-going look, it disguises one of the most versatile dynamos of our time. An allergy for syndicated gambling, blackmailers, and insolence... have kept the Montgomery

blood circulating nicely. In his 46 years he has lived almost 18 lives. On "D" Day he commanded one of the first destroyer squadrons off the coast of Normandy. He is one of the best wing shots in the country.

There is Montgomery the ABC commentator, short story writer, producer of NBC's hour-long TV show, "Your Lucky Strike Theatre," and there is Montgomery the movie star and director (his current picture: "Eye Witness").

## Every year months are added to our life span— since your father's day 16 years have been added!

*In 1948—we gained about 5 months more*

*In 1949—6 months more again*

*In 1950—who knows?*

"To me, old age is always 15 years older than I am," maintains a senior statesman.

• By prolonging our youth, science is rapidly making this "joke" into a simple statement of fact...

You don't have to earn this extra youth, either. You get it just by having picked your century intelligently.

Perhaps you agree with the late Bob Benchley, who said that whenever he felt like exercise, he lay down until the feeling passed. Or perhaps you do push-ups ten minutes every morning.

In either case, you're still in much better shape than your grandfather. Fifty years ago a man's bank account was judged by the size of his bay window.

Today it's not just the miracle drugs that prolong your life. It's the whole way you live. Posture, proteins, sun, air and that efficient health promotor, running hot water... all these have a surprising amount to do with how long you live and how healthy you look.

It's a kind of benevolent circle; out of feeling young and healthy, you take a young man's care of yourself. And each continues to promote the other.

"Whatever a man's age, he can reduce it several years by putting a bright-colored flower in his buttonhole," said Mark Twain.

Here's another habit that helps reduce your age by several years... takes less than a minute.

It's this: BEFORE you shave, give your face a hot-water application with your washcloth or towel. Your barber does it AFTER your shave.

But dermatologists say it does you twice the good to apply it before you shave. One, it brings up your own nourishing, renewing blood. Two, it softens hair for an extra-quick, clean shave.

"Circumstances alter faces," said Wells.

The everyday circumstance of Williams Aqua Velva after your shave will do the most to give you a look of healthy skin freshness.

Regularly used, this circulation-rouser brightens and braces your skin in a way nothing else can. A very good reason why Williams Aqua Velva has become the world's most popular after-shave lotion.

Williams Aqua Velva is full of good sensations. Tonic freshness. A pleasant scent. It keeps your skin flexible and comfortable... its natural moisture intact. And that helps protect it from sun, wind, cold. Another way Aqua Velva looks after your face: It lends first aid to scrapes or skin breaks, keeps skin feeling soothed, looking young!

**FULL OF FRIENDLY PURPOSE...  
SUPERIOR IN VERY DEFINITE WAYS**

*... these preparations were worked out  
for all 3 ways of shaving*

Special preparation for brush users. Williams Shaving Cream offers your skin a new comfort—extract of

lanolin—an emollient remarkably like that contained in all human skin. The beneficial ingredients in this extract are 25 times as concentrated as in plain lanolin, the well-known skin conditioner. We're proud to say that it's found only in Williams.

Particularly, if you like to take a young man's care of your appearance—you'll appreciate how this fine, bland cream helps to keep your skin looking young and healthy.

For the brushless shaver. Williams Glider contains the same type of oil that is used on a baby's skin. This ingredient softens your beard and enables the razor to cut your whiskers close and clean without scraping. Another ingredient, found only in Williams, helps replace the skin's natural oil... soothes tender skin. Rubbed well into the skin, it helps to keep skin smooth, young-looking.

If you use a Schick, Remington, etc. . . . a unique beard conditioner. Williams Lightning Lectric Shave is a pleasantly fragrant liquid that softens your beard so that it almost wipes off. One ingredient prevents sticky perspiration from slowing up your razor.

Another ingredient lubricates not only your skin, but the razor-head—giving you a faster, closer shave. After using Williams Lightning Lectric Shave, your skin feels happy; has a fit, healthy look you'll like.

After any or all shaving—use the world's most popular after-shave lotion. Never miss Aqua Velva after you shave. Yes, any time you want a quick refresher... use Williams Aqua Velva.

In the year 1840 The J. B. Williams Company put its first shaving preparations on the market. Since then our products have held the public approval. Their good name has grown and grown, for an obvious reason: Men know these Williams products do the work, and do it better. Year after year, more and more men are using Williams products. Year after year, more and more men are looking wonderfully young, alive and healthy.

## Every year... men look younger and healthier!





**LIFE**

# *Christmas Section for Children*

HERE ARE PICTURES, GAMES,  
STORIES, THINGS TO MAKE

The special section which begins here and runs all the way through the next 22 pages is a sort of Christmas present, containing subjects mostly of interest to children. Several of these subjects have got all tangled up on this page, but after you have read the other pages, you will soon see which belongs with which.

Some of the things are old—in fact one is 390, going on 391. Another is so new that it is hard to know what to call it—it will be a book in about nine months, but just now it is only a story. Some came from faraway and romantic-sounding places: the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna and the Lackawanna Railroad Terminal in Hoboken, N.J. However all of them are here for one reason—to help give you a MERRY CHRISTMAS!



# Breughel's Games

## HOW MANY CAN YOU IDENTIFY?

Take a close look at the games that are being played in this picture and then try to guess how old the picture is. Unless you are very smart you will probably miss by 200 or 300 years.

The picture was painted in Belgium in the year 1560 by an artist named Pieter Breughel the Elder—the name distinguishes him from his son, who was also an artist. In it Breughel painted most of the games that were common 390 years ago. He did it partly to make a record of what folk life was like in his day, and partly because it was just a good subject to paint. But what is most surprising about it is that many of the games are almost exactly like those children still play today. Some of them, like leapfrog and blindman's buff, are easy to find in the picture. Others are very hard. A few are not really games but toys or pastimes, but Breughel meant them to be included. No one knows exactly how many he put in altogether, but there are at least 71. How many can you find?

When you have found all you can, turn to the last page of this issue of the magazine. There you will see a drawing which is a "key" to Breughel's painting. The key shows all of the games that LIFE was able to find. Perhaps, if you are really familiar with all of the children's games and pastimes that there are, you can do even better than LIFE.













# Carnival Toys

## THEY DANCE AND DO TRICKS IN MUSEUM FAIR

Carnivals are just the thing for holiday time. Clowns, bells, bright-colored balloons make everyone feel merry, just like the girl and boy in these pictures. They are playing with toys that are part of a carnival put on just for children in December and January by the Museum of Modern Art in New York. There you can see jumping jacks, horseback riders and fairy boats

like those in the picture below and you can play with the clowns that are in the picture at left. When you pull one string the clown with the umbrellas slides down the rope, when you pull another, the blue clown dances up and down and bells ring. All these toys were made from plastic materials by Toni Hughes, whose son Toby is peeking through a piece of plastic below.



**CARNIVAL ROOM** at the Museum of Modern Art is set up like a circus. By pulling on strings, the plastic clowns can be made to move, dance and do tricks between the big tent ropes that stretch up to ceiling.







"PEGASUS," 1839



HAYES 10-WHEELER CAMEL, 1853



WOODBURNER, 1863



PERKINS 10-WHEELER, 1863



NARROW GAUGE, 1896



"ATLANTIC," 1903



E-6s "ATLANTIC," 1912



K-4s "PACIFIC," 1920



O-6-O SWITCHER, 1925



GG-1 ELECTRIC, 1938



UNPAINTED "NORTHERN," 1937



DIESEL SWITCHER, 1945



"ARTICULATED" FREIGHT SERVICE, 1941



DIESEL SWITCHER, 1949



TWO F-3 DIESEL "A" UNITS, 1946

# Model Locomotives

## THESE TINY COPIES ARE EXACTLY LIKE FULL-SIZE RAILROAD ENGINES

The 15 handmade locomotives on this page are much different from anything you can buy in a toy store. They are worth as much as \$700 apiece, and each is a very accurate model of a real locomotive that actually existed—or still exists. All are handmade in the scale of one-quarter inch to one foot. The big Rio Grande locomotive, for instance, is really 112 feet long, and its model is 30¾ inches long although in this photograph it has been reduced to 6½ inches. Almost all are made of brass, and all but the first, second and fourth were made to run. The little *Walter Elliot* (top row) is, in fact, a real working steam engine instead of having an electric motor.

The models give a good idea of how American locomotives have changed since 1830, although they do not tell the whole story. Many people think it is sad that diesels and electrics are replacing the wonderful old steamers—no new steam locomotives have been built commercially in this country for almost two years. But at least the new diesels are gaily colored, even if they have unpleasant horns that sound like sick cows. If you ever go to a place called Hoboken, N. J., you can see some of these models at the Lackawanna Railroad Terminal, where the N. Y. Society of Model Engineers operates what will soon be the biggest model railroad in the world.



# YOUR OWN *Christmas Tree*



TREE WILL LOOK LIKE THIS IF YOU FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY

## HOLIDAY DECORATION CAN BE MADE IN AN HOUR

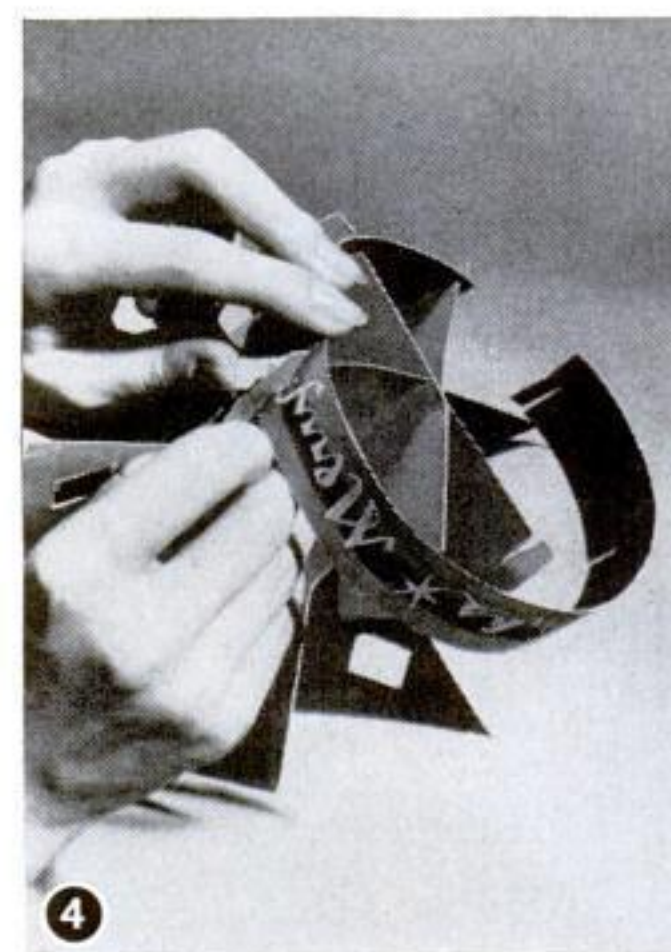
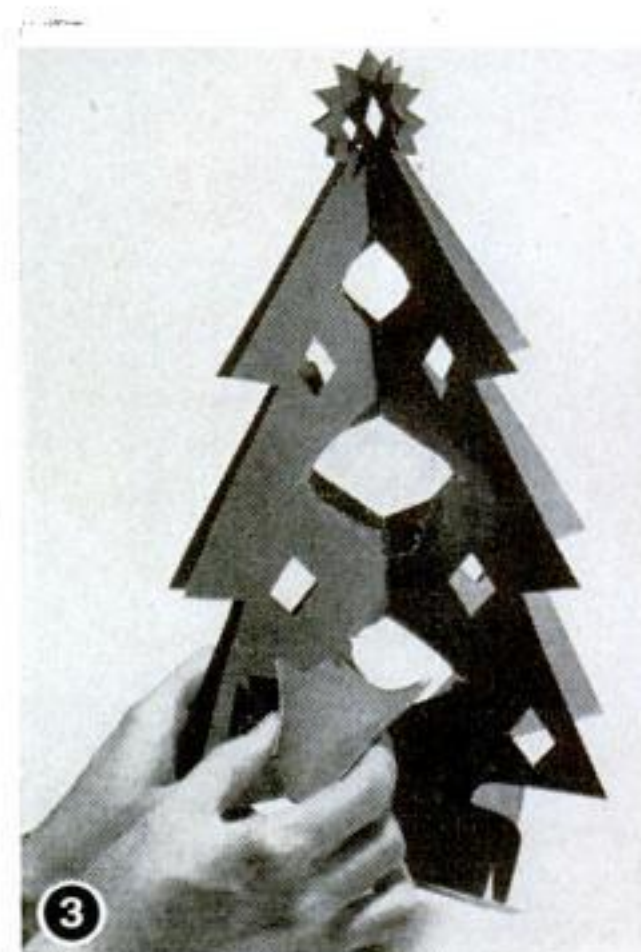
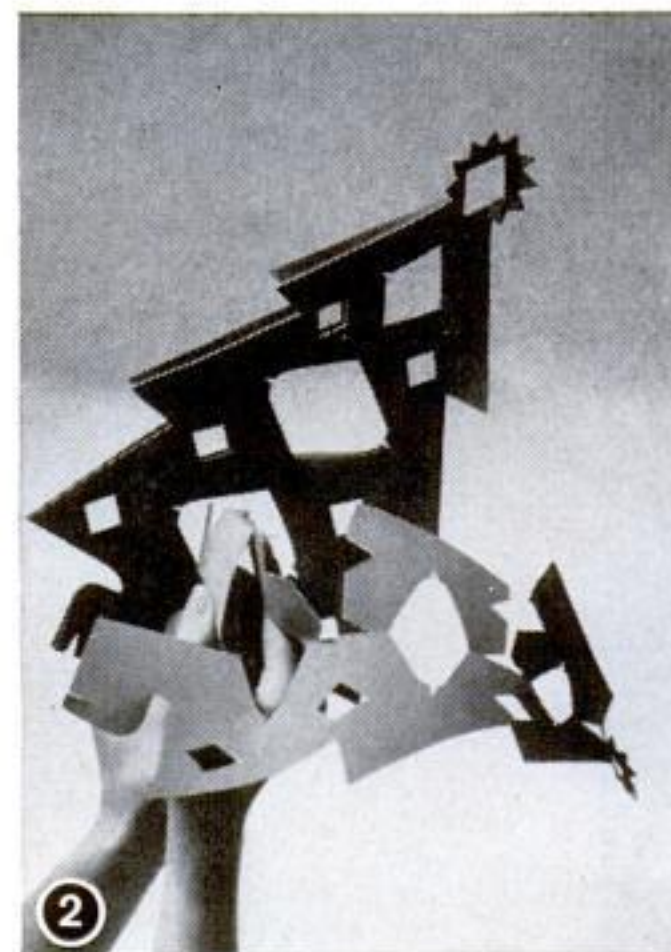
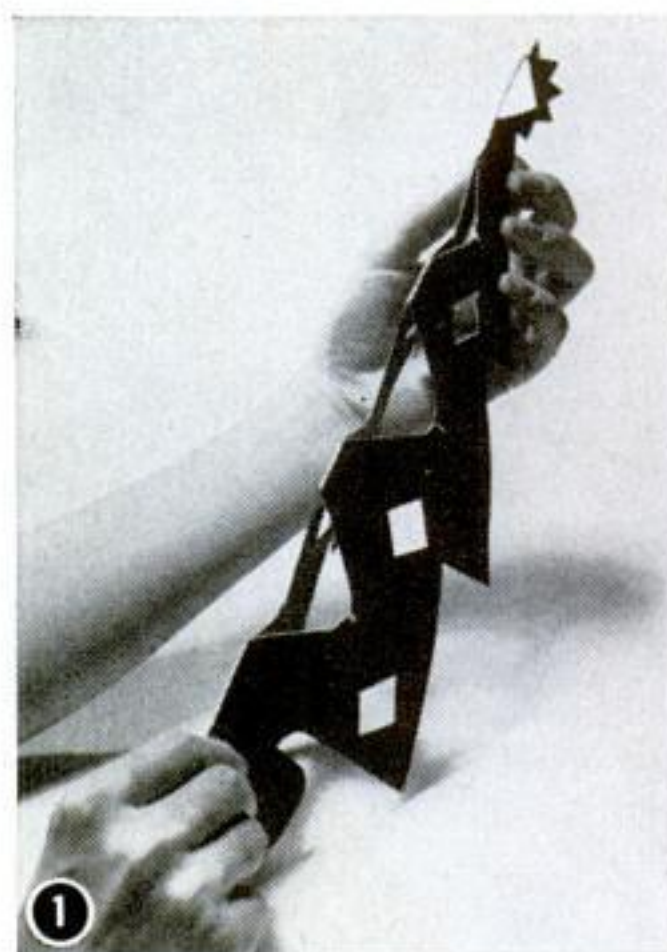
Here is a design for a Christmas tree which you can make at home. When it is finished you can use it as a table centerpiece or a mantel decoration, hang it in an archway or from a ceiling fixture, or you can just play with it, which is really what it is for. Directions are printed on the next page. Ornaments which can be cut out and fastened to the tree are at the right, together with a Merry Christmas strip which can be bent into a ring to make a base for the tree, like the one in the picture above. When you cut out the tree ornaments, be sure to work from this page—on the next page the ornaments are printed a little larger to allow for possible slips of the scissors.

This tree was designed by Karl Koehler, a young man who designs and makes tricky folding Christmas cards for people like Nelson Rockefeller and Greer Garson. There is nothing particularly tricky about Mr. Koehler's tree, but you will have to follow all the directions very carefully. If there happens to be an older person in your house who thinks he knows just how everything should be done, it might be a good idea to let him help you make it. Then if anything goes wrong, it will be all his fault.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





## HOW TO ASSEMBLE A TREE

In the designs on the following four pages, dotted white lines indicate position of folds, solid white lines indicate slits, white spaces indicate holes and notches. Begin assembly by creasing tree sections A and B down the middle, as in picture 1 above (section B is half on opposite page and half on fourth page of the pattern). Spread both sections flat again and place section A on section B with lettered sides face to face.

Next, take section C (see fourth page of pattern) in right hand and lightly bend together the left side of base (on which the letter C is printed) and lower left branch. Still holding branch and base together, pick up A and B sections with left hand. Now insert section C into the bottom center holes of A and B as shown in picture 2. The center slit in section C will fit down over bases of A and B. Now lightly bend together the next higher branch of section C and insert into the next higher holes in A and B. Repeat this operation for the top branch of section C and for the star. Fan out the resulting six sections and hold tree upright.

Bend disk D (see fourth page) lightly and insert into bottom center hole of the tree as in picture 3. Six notches in edge of disk will make it fit into corresponding notches in the six tree sections. Repeat this operation with disk F in the middle hole and with disk E in the third hole.

To finish, turn tree upside down and insert slits in the Merry Christmas ring (preceding page) into the notches in the tree base, making a circular stand as shown in picture 4. Hang the ornaments—look closely at the picture of the finished tree to see how this is done. For greater durability, tree may be reinforced with transparent tape at points of strain.



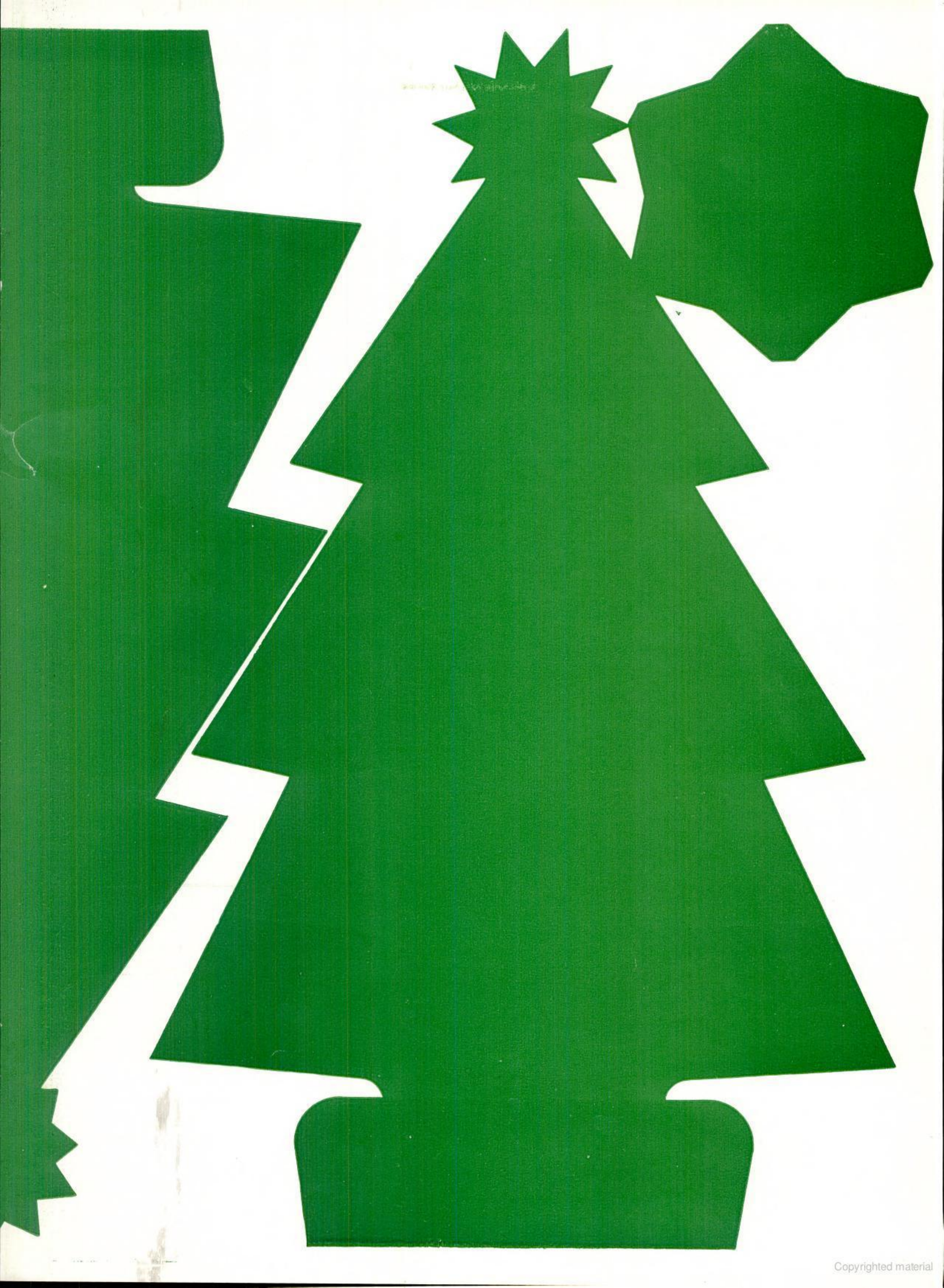


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NEXT PAGE

















**FLYING THROUGH BLAZING HOOP** held by a youngster named Johnny Martino, Pierre, the blue parakeet, gets by without even singeing his feathers.

## Performing Birds

### THEY ARE A FEATHERED CIRCUS

People who go around calling other people names like "birdbrain" may have to think twice about it because some birds are apparently very smart. This is particularly true of the 46 birds now traveling around the country in an all-bird circus called "Bertelle's Birds," operated by Dr. Wendell Hansen of Wisconsin (*above*), a Quaker minister. In addition to the birds shown here, Dr. Hansen has a macaw which eats with a fork, a cardinal which jumps rope, a stork which carries a baby doll in its beak, a lovebird which mans a fire engine, and grackle 7½ inches long, not counting tail feathers, which swallows a 7-inch sword without saying "Ouch!"



**CANARY-LOVING CAT** Tiger has been brought up with birds and loves them. According to Dr. Hansen, Tiger would sooner eat another cat than hurt a canary.



**PUFFED-UP PIGEON** Powder lets a canary sit on his chest. Although he can puff up his own chest, Hansen blows into his beak and inflates him like a balloon.



# Climb the Matterhorn

## RULES OF THE GAME

The 14,780-foot Matterhorn is one of the most famous mountains in the world. To save you the trouble of going all the way to Switzerland to climb it, Parker Brothers has designed this game for LIFE.

In addition to the board printed here, you will need dice, marked with one to six dots, and a few small tokens such as buttons or coins, one for each player. Begin at **start** and take turns throwing one of the dice. When it is thrown you may choose **either** the top or bottom number on it and advance your token to the nearest similarly numbered space on the track. For example, if a number 6 appears on the top, a number 1 will be on the bottom, and you may advance to the nearest 6 or to the nearest 1, whichever you think best. A "Helping Hand" lifts your token, from the space where it stops, **up** to an advanced space, indicated by a small arrow, on the track above. A "Landslide" (either of the two spaces enclosed together) or the "Whirlwind" sends your token **down** to the space, also indicated by an arrow, on the track below. If your token stops on a space already occupied by another token, yours "bumps" the other **back** to the nearest **unoccupied** space of the **same color** (at the beginning this may mean returning to start). You **must** move your token on each turn, except when it is resting on the last number 2 or number 5 space **above** the "Whirlwind." When you reach those spaces you must wait until you throw a 1-6 or a 6-1 to win the game, **but** you may be "bumped" down while waiting. The game ends when any player reaches the top.

DESIGNED BY PARKER BROTHERS, INC.











*The*

# *Bear Party*

*T*HERE'S a park down in Australia named Koala Park where real teddy bears live in trees. They are most always happy and play together all day, but once upon a time they became angry with each other, no bear remembers why, and became angrier and angrier.



THE AUTHOR

*William Pene du Bois*

comes from a family of noted artists and began to write and illustrate children's books when he was 17. He is now 34, and this is his ninth book. It will not be published by The Viking Press until next fall, so you are seeing it here almost a year ahead of time.

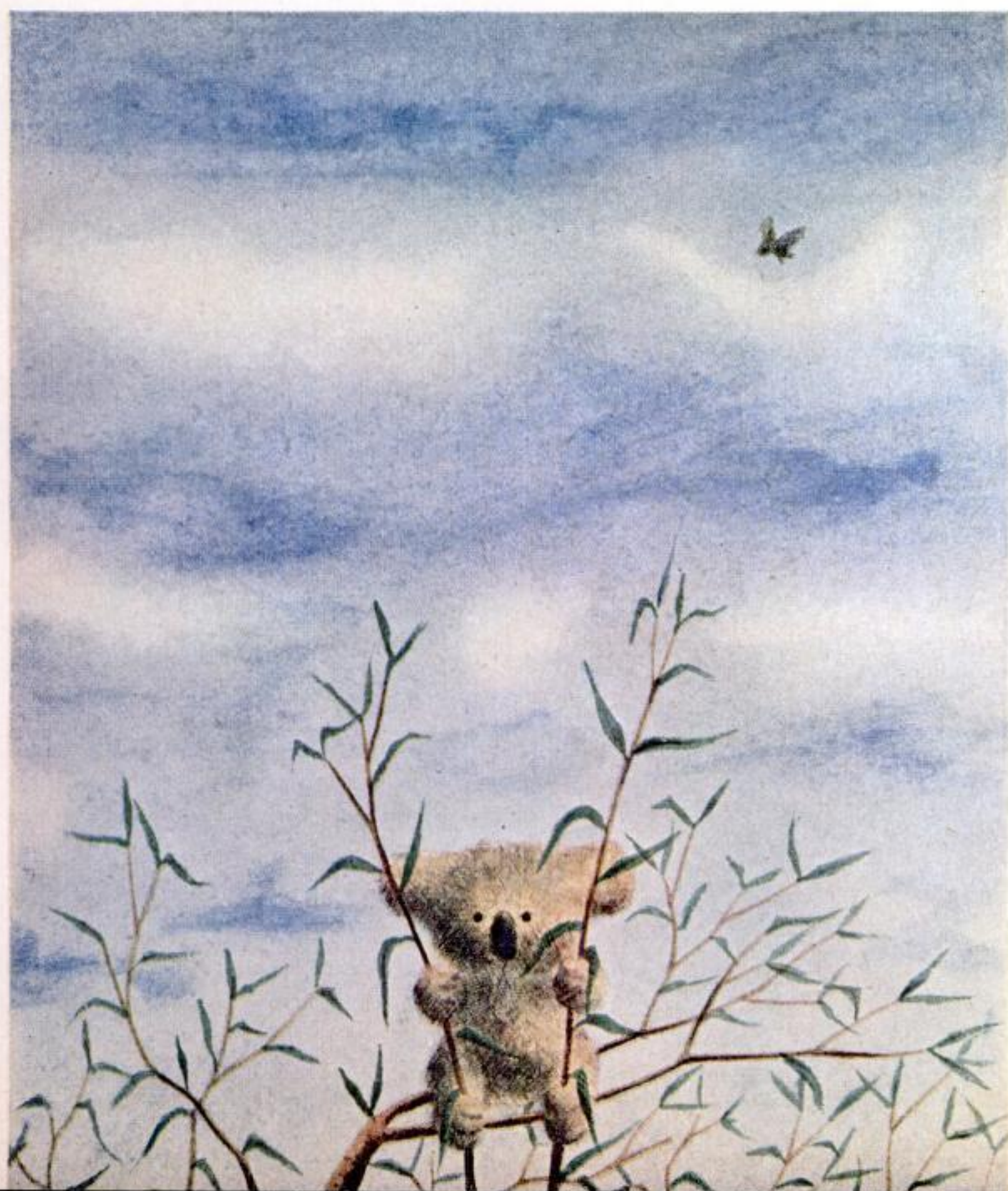


William Pene du Bois





THEY stopped speaking to each other, and then they even stopped looking at each other and just stared straight ahead and growled.



THE wise old bear who lived at the top of the tallest Eucalyptus tree thought this was TERRIBLE. "Something must be done RIGHT AWAY!" he said. Scratching his head he thought: "I'll give a costume ball and invite all the bears. They will wear masks so they won't have to tell each other who they are. In this way they will get together again. At sundown I'll tell them to take off their costumes and masks, and by then we'll be friends and all will be well."





An Indian Bear



A Chinese Bear



A Clown Bear

THE angry bears loved this idea. They each chose a different costume. There was an American Indian Bear, a Sleeping Bear and a Clown Bear, a French Bear, an Angel Bear, a Chinese Bear, a Nurse Bear and a Bullfighter Bear. There was a Hunting Bear, a Turkish Bear and a Napoleon Bear. The music for dancing was lovely, and they did all kinds of rumbas, sambas, Bunny hugs and turkey trots. At sundown, the wise old bear who lived at the top of the tallest Eucalyptus tree shouted "OFF WITH YOUR COSTUMES AND OFF WITH YOUR MASKS!" The bears took off their costumes and threw them in a big pile in the middle of the floor, but then something AWFUL happened.





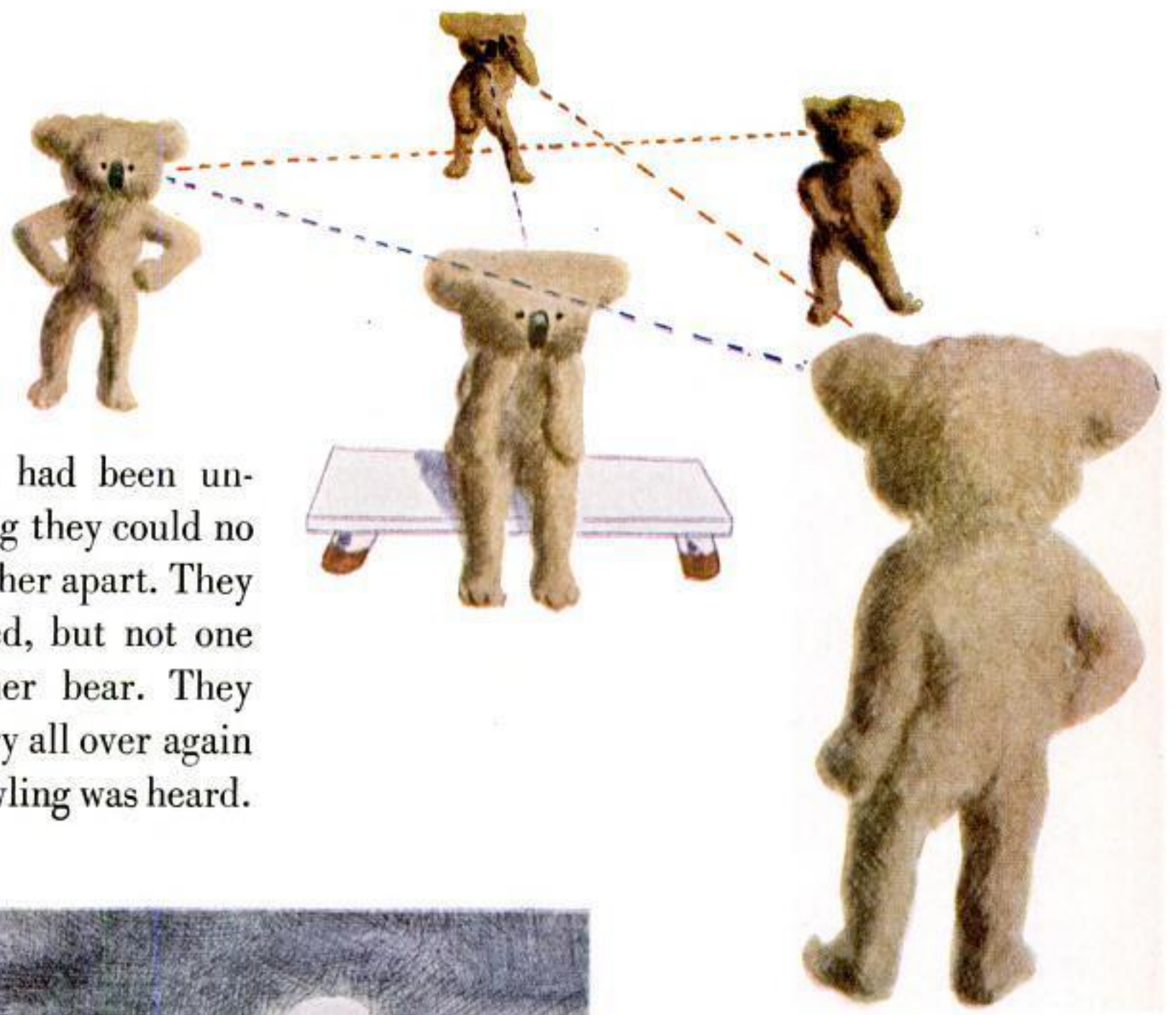


A Napoleon Bear



A Turkish Bear

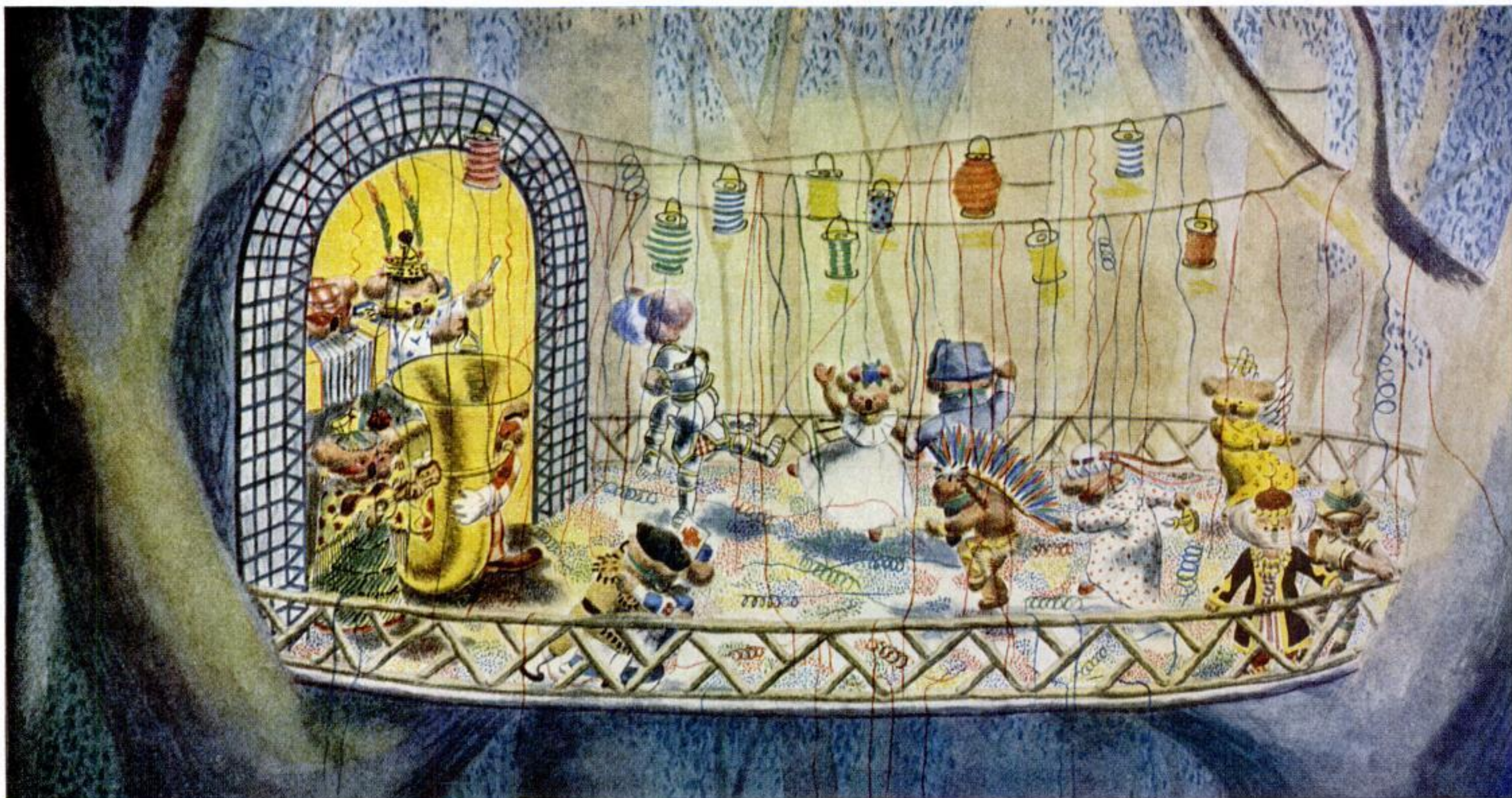
THE bears had been unfriendly for so long they could no longer tell each other apart. They looked and looked, but not one bear knew another bear. They started to get angry all over again and some low growling was heard.



THE wise old bear who lived at the top of the tallest Eucalyptus tree thought this behavior was TERRIBLE. "Something must be done RIGHT AWAY!" he said to himself. He scratched his head and shouted: "JUMP INTO YOUR COSTUMES AND ON WITH THE DANCE!"





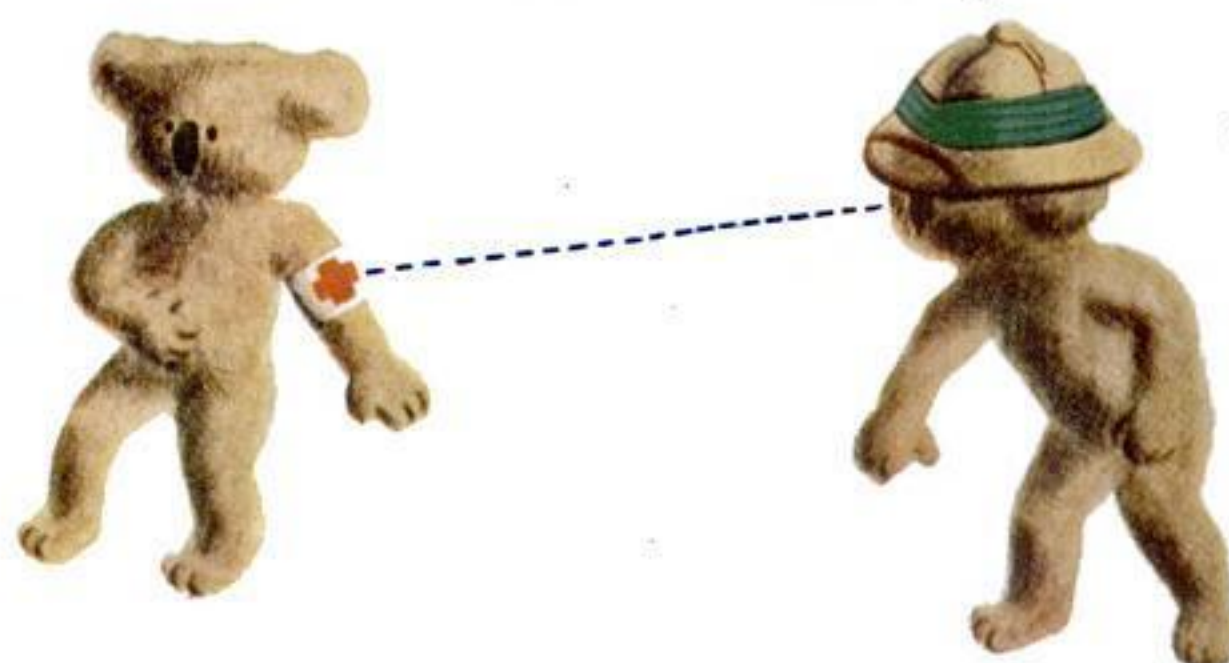


THE bears put their costumes back on and tied on their masks and the growling noises stopped as they happily danced together far into the night.

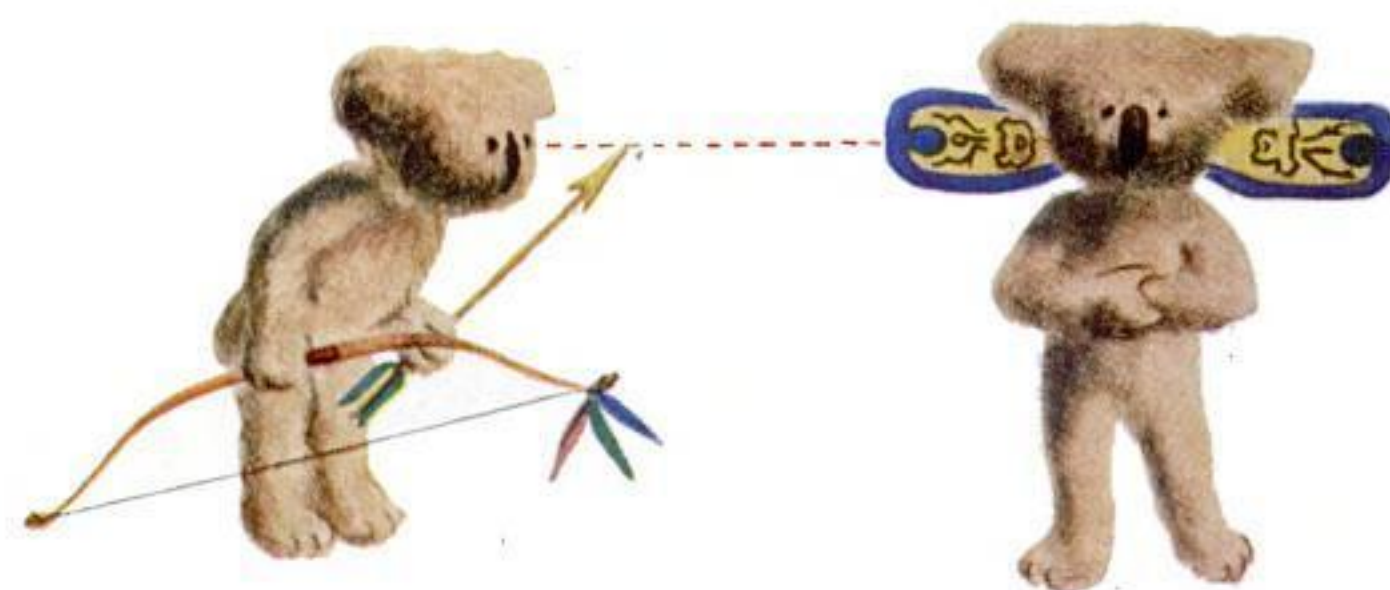
Next day, the bears had had such a good time at the party that they all decided to wear a part of their costumes as a souvenir. This was a perfect idea. With these souvenirs they could easily tell each other apart.



The Clown Bear knew the Dancing Bear



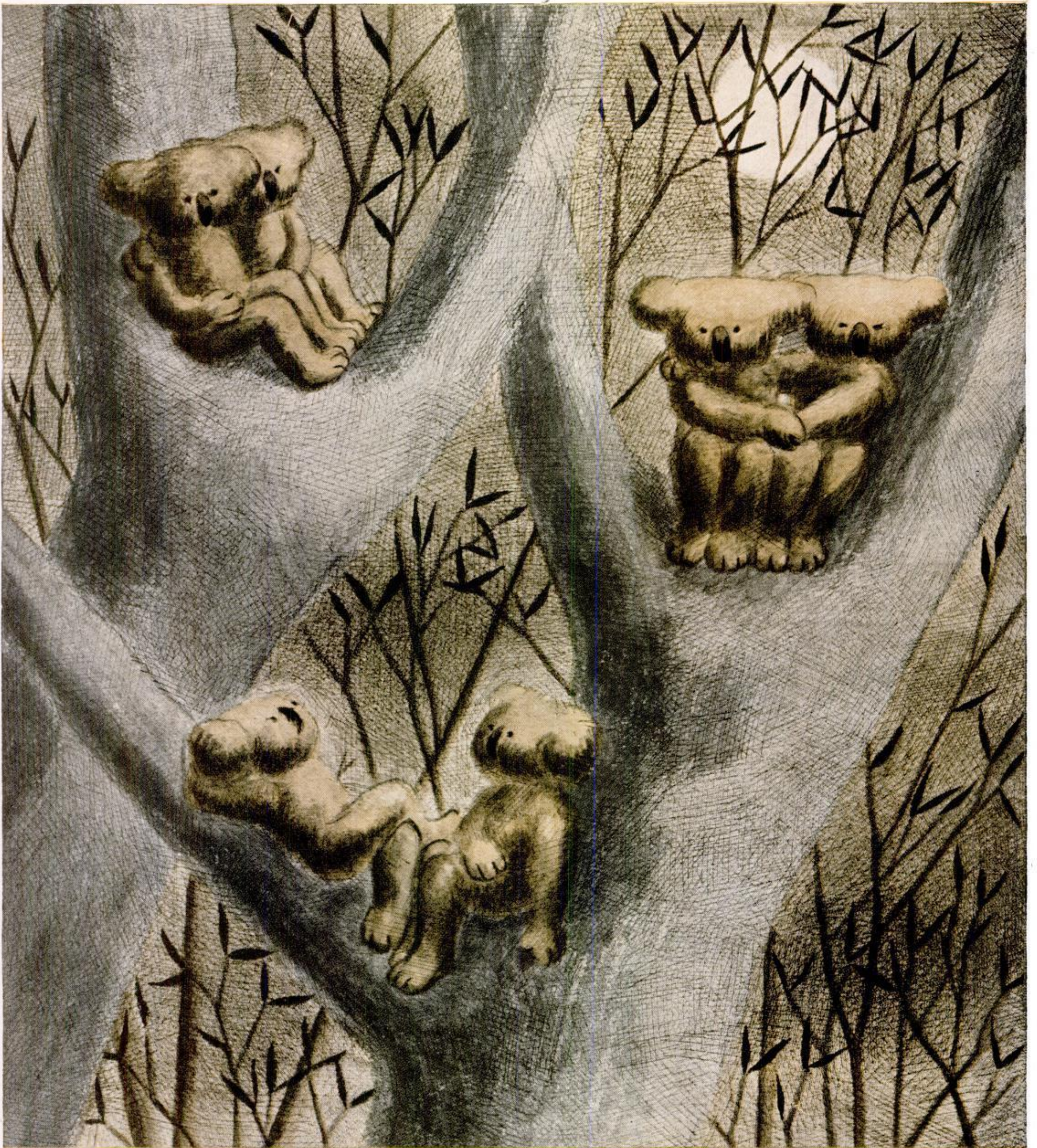
The Hunting Bear knew the Nurse Bear



The Indian Bear knew the Chinese Bear and all the other bears knew each other too. They all began to smile.



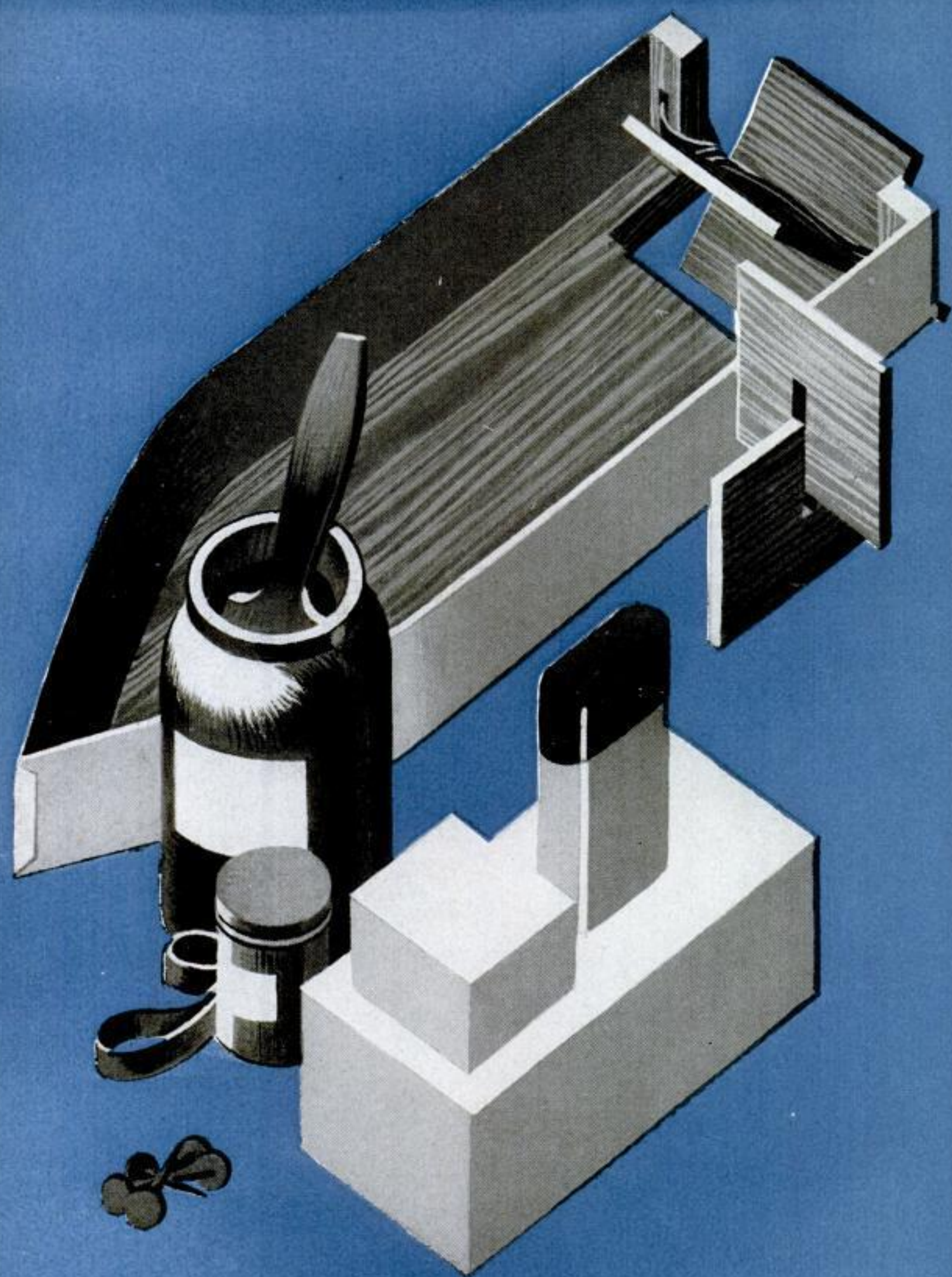




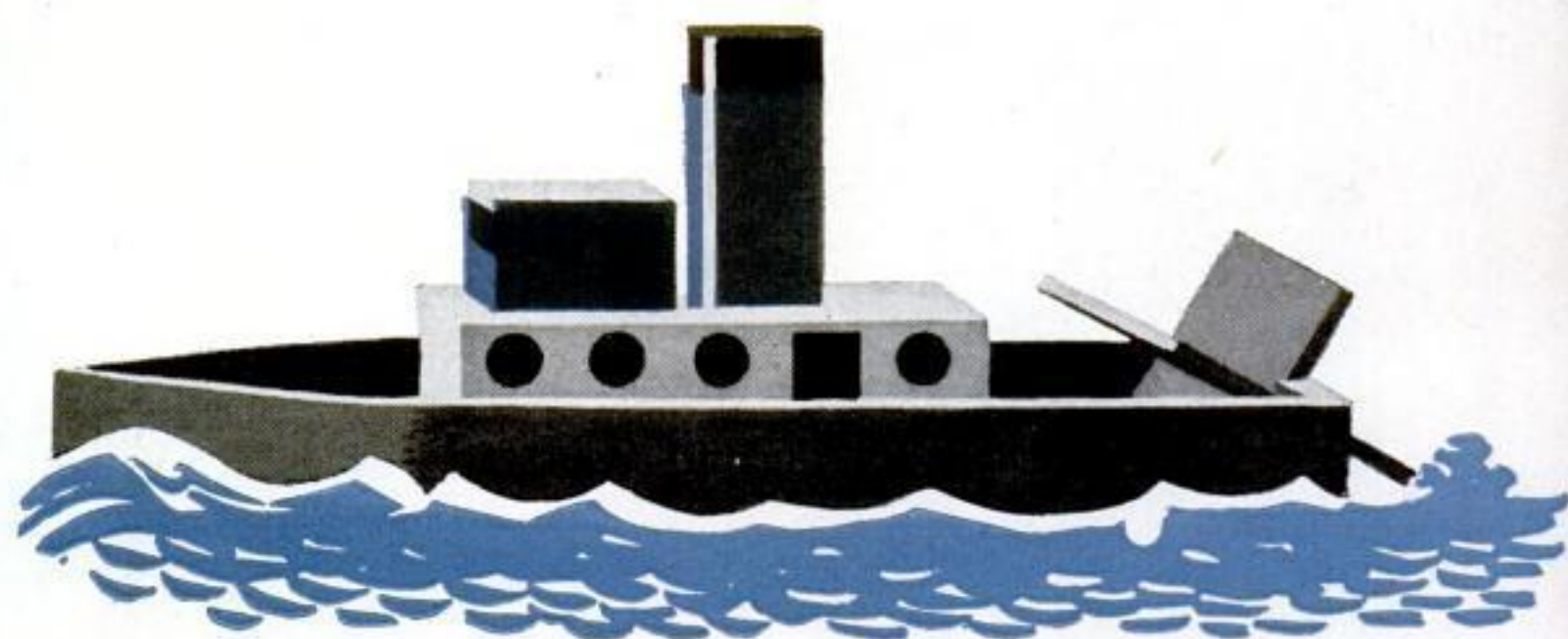
AFTER a while they found that they could once again tell each other apart as just plain bears and right after that all was well once more in Koala Park. The wise old bear who lived at the top of the tallest Eucalyptus tree thought this behavior was WONDERFUL. He scratched his head and thought: "From now on, in Koala Park, there must be many many more BEAR PARTIES!"







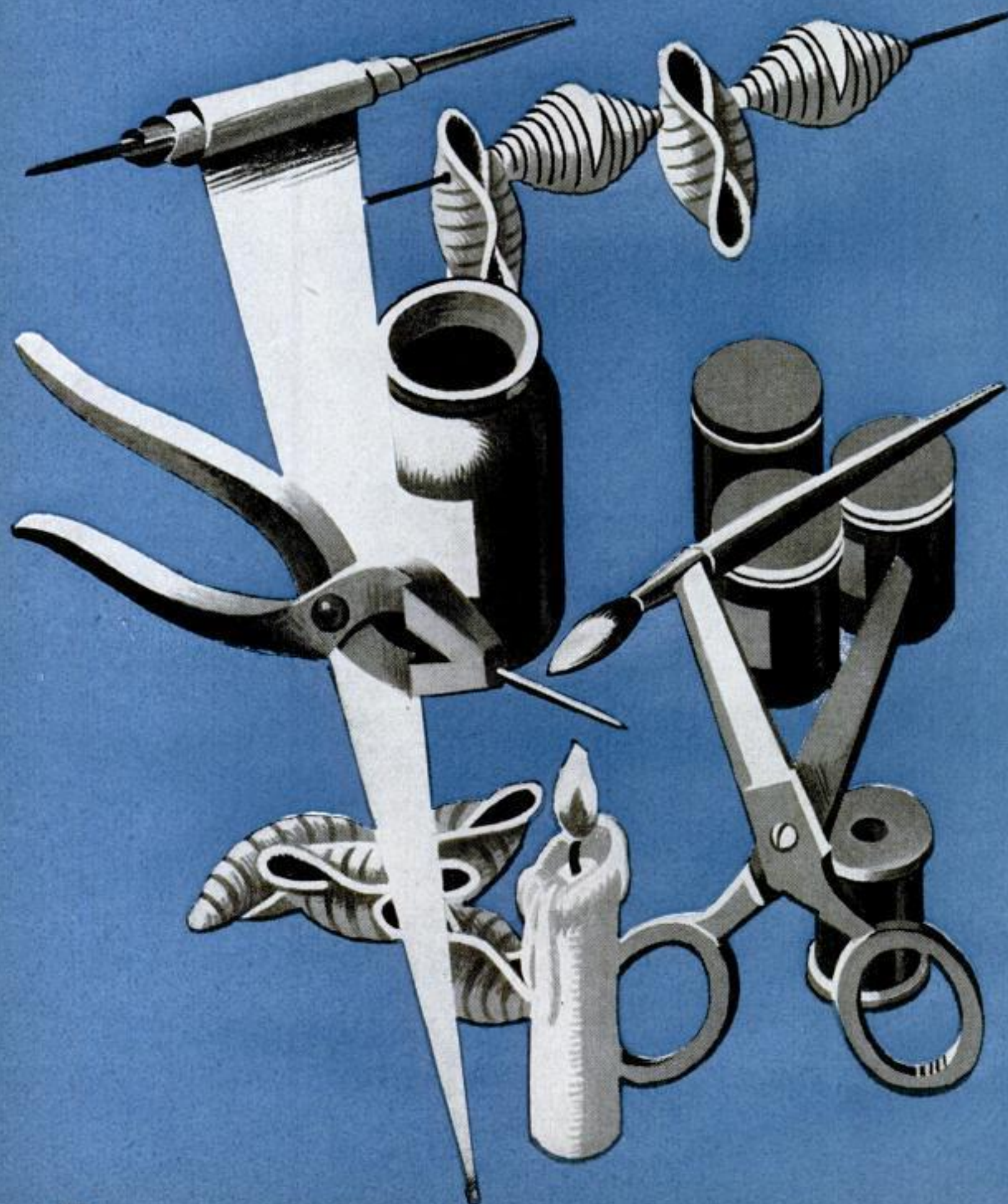
# Things to



## A PADDLE-WHEEL STEAMBOAT

To make this you will need some small tacks, some one-inch brads, a 1/8 inch drill, jig saw, hammer, scissors, cardboard, a strong rubber band, some shellac and two pieces of wood. One of these should be 1/2 by 5 by 12 inches in size, and the other 1/4 by 5 by 5 (cigar-box wood is best for the smaller piece). First make the bottom of the boat from the larger piece, shaping the bow and cutting a 3-inch square out of the stern, as in the drawing at left. Then, using wood from the piece you have cut out, make two one-inch squares and drill a hole in the center of each. These should be fastened upright with brads at the stern. Then, by cutting the square of cigar-box wood in half and then cutting slots in the halves (*see drawing*), make a paddle wheel and fit it together. The paddle wheel is held in place by the rubber band, which is cut, threaded through the holes in the squares and across the paddle wheel and then tied together in a square knot. Complete the boat by making a cardboard deckhouse and smokestack and by tacking a cardboard railing around the sides. Shellac cardboard sections. To make the boat go, wind up the paddle wheel and release it when the boat is in the water.

BASED ON A DESIGN BY JOSEPH LEEMING AND JESSIE ROBINSON



## PAPER AND NOODLE JEWELRY

To make this you will need scissors, toothpicks (or wooden matches), some thick paper (heavy as magazine covers), brush paste, poster paint, a pair of pliers, a candle, shellac, some elastic sewing cord (ordinary strong thread may also be used), a thick needle or pin and some dry noodles. These noodles are sold in various shapes—you can use one shape or combinations of several. A paper bead is made by wrapping a very long, thin triangle of paper (*see drawing at left*) around a toothpick, fastening the paper end with paste. Shellac it to make it hold its shape, and when it is dry slip it off the toothpick. To make the noodle beads, hold the needle or pin with pliers and heat the sharp end in the candle flame until it is very hot. You can then pierce the noodles with it easily. Paint them and when dry apply shellac. When you have enough beads for a bracelet or necklace, string them on the elastic sewing cord and tie the ends. You can also use painted popcorn or cranberries to make beads, and you can make a ring to match your jewelry by fastening a noodle to a thin loop of wire. And instead of necklaces or bracelets, you can make long strings of decorations for a Christmas tree.

BASED ON A DESIGN BY HARRY ZARCHY IN HIS BOOK "LET'S MAKE SOMETHING"



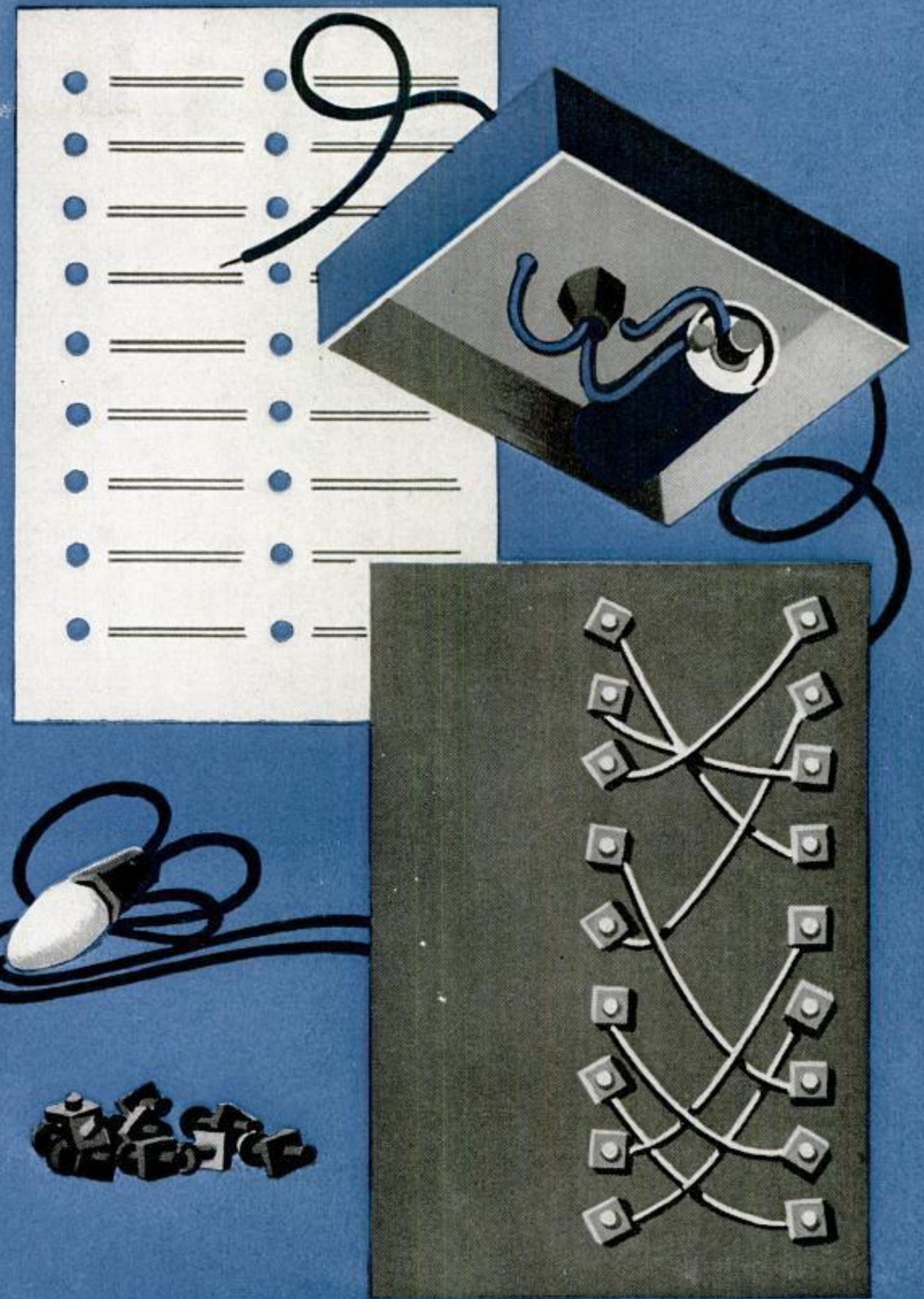
# Make



## AN ELECTRIC QUIZ GAME

To make this you will need a 15 by 12 inch board, a 1/8 inch drill, a dry cell battery, some insulated wire, transparent tape, a socket from a Christmas tree circuit, a 2 volt bulb, a small box and some 1/8 inch bolts and nuts. Drill two rows of holes in the board, as in the drawing, being careful to line them up, and insert a bolt in each hole. Then, using transparent tape, fasten a row of questions beside the lefthand row of bolts. Fasten the answers beside the righthand row of bolts, in any order you wish. Turn the board over and cross-connect all the bolts, wiring each question bolt to the correct answer bolt, and secure wires by tightening the nuts. Then wire the light socket to one terminal of the battery, leaving a 15 inch length of wire extending beyond the socket, and attach another 15 inch length of wire to the other terminal. Place battery and socket in the box, with bulb and the two 15 inch lengths of wire protruding (see drawing). To play the game, press a wire against a question bolt. Hold it there, meanwhile touching the other wire to each answer bolt in turn. When the right answer bolt is touched, bulb will light. You can substitute new questions and answers whenever you wish.

BASED ON A DESIGN BY HARRY ZARCHY IN HIS BOOK "LET'S MAKE SOMETHING"



## PAPIER-MACHE BOWLS AND TRAYS

To make these, you will need some newspapers (both news and comic sections), some flour-and-water paste, a single-edged razor blade, some poster paints, shellac, sandpaper and Vaseline or bacon fat or butter. To start, take a bowl or tray that you would like to copy and place it upside down on a piece of cardboard or a kitchen counter top. Coat it thinly with Vaseline or grease, and also coat the surface of the cardboard or counter top for a few inches around it. Then tear (do not cut) newspaper into strips, about two by five inches, coat them with paste and place them on the bowl. Cover the bowl completely with an overlapping layer of strips, and let the strips extend out beyond the bowl onto the cardboard or counter top. This makes a sort of flange, which you will cut off later. Then cover the bowl with eight to 10 other layers of pasted strips—alternate news and comic sections so you can keep track of the layers. Allow the work to dry. Sandpaper, trim off flange with razor blade and separate the newly made bowl from the original one. Sandpaper the edges carefully and color with poster paint. Later, a few over-all coats of shellac should be added to preserve the work.

BASED ON A DESIGN BY HARRY ZARCHY IN HIS BOOK "LET'S MAKE SOMETHING"



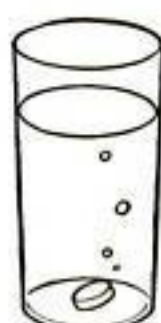
FLORIAN



# Fast, Effective Help for HEADACHE

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Stomach  
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BROMO-SELTZER  
EFFERVESCES INSTANTLY...  
READY TO GO TO WORK  
FASTER THAN ANY TABLET PRODUCT  
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1. Relieves headache pain.
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For best results, use cold water. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. You must be satisfied or your money back. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your druggist's today. A product of Emerson Drug Co.

**BROMO-SELTZER**

## Novel Mr. PEANUT Bank



Lustrous, colorful plastic, 8½ in. high, in red, blue, green or peanut tan. Makes a nice gift. Yours for only 25c and two empty 5c PLANTERS PEANUTS bags. Send with your name and address—state color you want—to PLANTERS PEANUTS, Dept. BL, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

world's finest drinks  
are made with  
**BACARDI**  
world's  
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RUM... 86 & 89 Proof, Bacardi Imports Inc., New York

# Corns?

- NOW!**
1. FASTEST RELIEF EVER...
  2. QUICKEST CORN REMOVING ACTION KNOWN...
  3. THE PROVED METHOD THAT STOPS CORNS BEFORE THEY CAN DEVELOP

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure on corns, sore toes. And they give you the quickest corn removing action known to medical science. Dr. Scholl's is the only method, too, that stops corns before they can develop. No wonder Zino-pads are the world's largest selling foot reliefs. Get a box today. Sold everywhere.



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THE SHADOW OF WILLIAM HOLDEN'S HORN-RIMMED GLASSES CANNOT HIDE JUDY HOLLIDAY'S ROMANTIC LOOK

## A HOLLIDAY TREAT

Movies welcome Judy back to her role as noble hussy in "Born Yesterday"

Beminked and bejeweled, her hipbones loose in their sockets, her eyes covered with a torpid glaze of satisfied cupidity, she comes out of the limousine at the Washington hotel. Her mouth, when she opens it, lets forth a raucous screech. Then the audience knows everything will be all right; Judy Holliday is back in her by now classic role of Billie Dawn, the junk dealer's mistress unexpectedly educated into virtue. The movie is not much more than a photographed version of the play (LIFE, Feb. 25, 1946), which ran 1,642 performances on Broadway. The male leads are played, more or less competently, by Broderick Crawford and William Holden. But the whole picture is Judy's, and in the intervals between guffaws you have time to reflect that you are seeing the top comic performance by an actress in American movies this year.





The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous



*Just couldn't wait*

When a man's Christmas present is a case of Schlitz, who can blame him if he opens it a little ahead of time?

This great beer has a matchless flavor all its own. We think you'll like Schlitz best, too. And if you're looking for a present for someone hard to please, remember...Schlitz tastes so good to so many people, it's

*The Largest-Selling Beer in America*

Radio's brightest comedy drama: "The Halls of Ivy," NBC, Wed. nights, starring Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman. Television's newest hit: "Pulitzer Prize Playhouse," ABC, Friday nights, featuring stars of stage and screen.

ALBERT DORNE



© 1950, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.







Photographed for LIFE  
by  
DMITRI KESSEL



HAGIA SOPHIA stands  
where the Sea of Marmara  
(right) and Bosphorus join.

# Proud Byzantium's Christian Treasure

## SACRED MOSAICS REAPPEAR IN CHURCHES OF ISTANBUL

Early Christianity's richest age began in 330 A.D. when Rome's first Christian emperor, Constantine, built his city of Constantinople on the shores of the Bosphorus where the ancient settlement of Byzantium stood. For a thousand years thereafter the emperors of Byzantium, who became leaders of the Eastern Orthodox Church, built great churches and decorated them with mosaics which were proud treasures of the age. Most magnificent of all the churches was Hagia Sophia (pronounced Hah-yah So-fee-ah and meaning "Divine Wisdom"), often erroneously called Santa Sophia. Justinian the Great built the present church in 537 A.D. and succeeding

emperors filled its walls with mosaic panels of grave beauty and angular expressiveness which, as works of art, stand among the finest ever created. But when the Turks overwhelmed Constantinople in 1453 they turned the churches into mosques and plastered over the Christian portraits. As the centuries passed, few scholars remembered what the plaster hid. Only in the past two decades have the mosaics again come to light. With permission of the Turkish government, Professor Thomas Whittemore, a leading Byzantine scholar of the U.S. and the world, began the task of uncovering them. They are presented here in LIFE for the first time in their full color.



← **HEAD OF CHRIST** in Chora Church, not very far from Hagia Sophia, is cleaned by worker using dental tool. Light, shadow were accentuated by setting tessellae (mosaic stones) at varying angles.

**UNDER THE DOME** the nave of Hagia Sophia (center) is bathed in light. In foreground are porphyry columns, at right a Moslem emblem. Over galleries on far wall are scaffolds where the restorers work.

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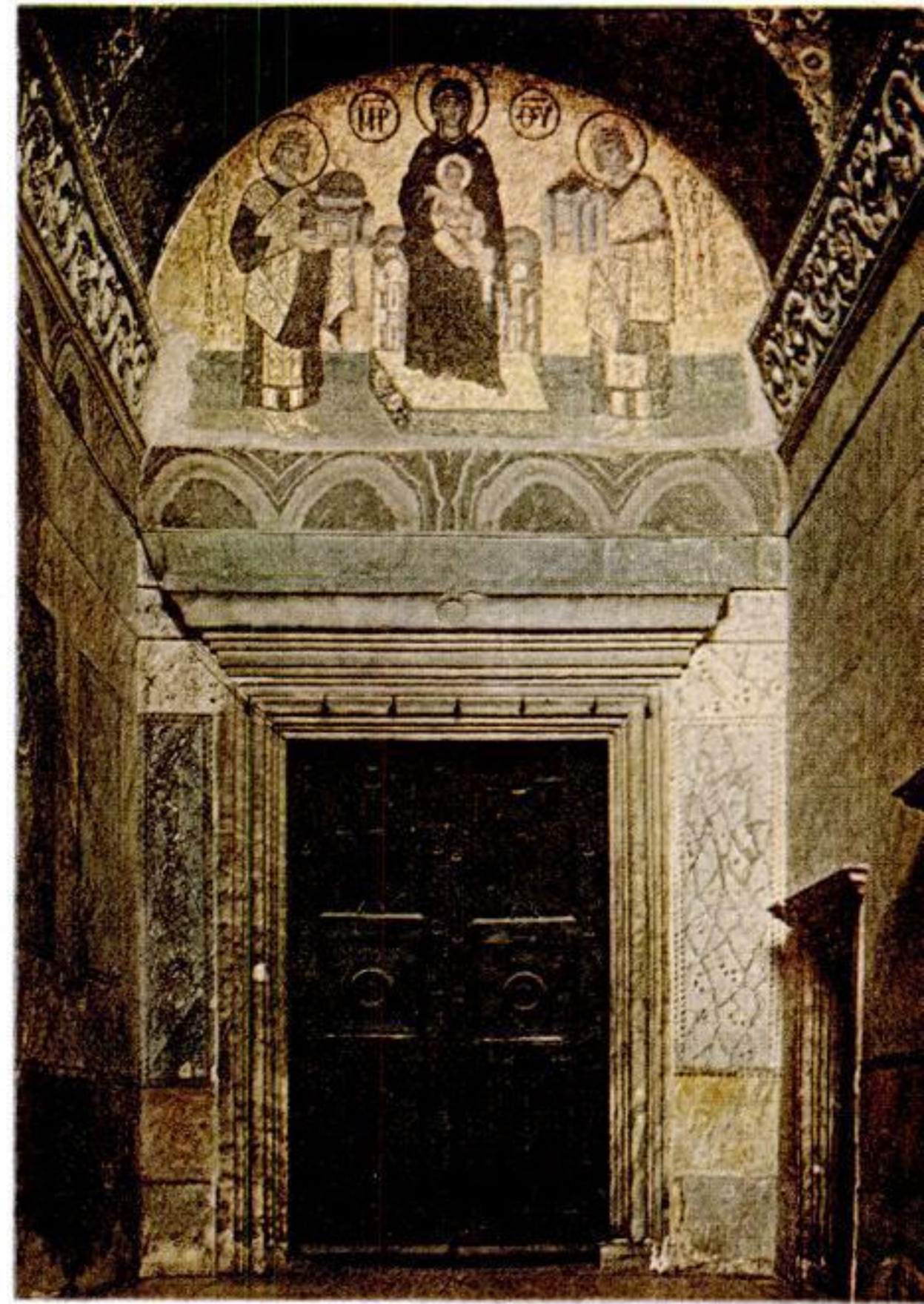




VIRGIN AND CHILD receive homage of Justinian (*left*) and Constantine. Greek inscription at top is monogram for "Mother of God." Those at sides praise two emperors. Panel and individual tessellae are set at angle to deflect light to

viewer below. Because of this, color and perspective appear more flattened when seen at eye level, as above, than when viewed from pavement, as in picture at top right. Gray patches around edges are plaster from which tessellae have fallen.





THE VESTIBULE MOSAIC, shown in detail at left, is above door as symbol of Virgin's protection of the church. It is about 10 feet high, 16 feet wide.

## TWO EMPERORS OFFER GIFTS TO THE VIRGIN

Hagia Sophia was a marvel of its day. Constantine laid the original foundations; twice it was destroyed by fire. Justinian rebuilt it for the ages. Ten thousand workmen labored on it and the wealth of the empire was lavished on its decoration. The massive dome, uniquely designed to eliminate the need of heavy support, was described by a contemporary historian as "at once marvelous and terrifying. . . . It is as if hung by a golden chain from heaven." When Justinian stood beneath the blazing lights and gleaming mosaics at Hagia Sophia's consecration, he exclaimed in awe, "Glory to God who judged me worthy of accomplishing this work. I have conquered you, O Solomon!"

Constantine and Justinian are both commemorated in the rare mosaic shown here. One of the first to be uncovered by Professor Whittemore, it depicts Constantine (*right*) offering his city to the Mother and Child, while Justinian proffers his church. Its date is uncertain; Professor Whittemore placed it between 986 and 994, when Hagia Sophia was closed for repairs. It is among the best preserved of all the new discoveries, breathing still the pious beauty and splendor of Hagia Sophia in all its glory.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



## LIGHT AND COLOR WERE PATIENTLY BALANCED IN MOSAICIST'S ART

Time and catastrophe have left their mark on Haghia Sophia's mosaics. As the Byzantine empire declined, the mosaics were neglected. When the Turks came the mosaics and crosses were covered or defaced. When frequent earthquakes shook the church's walls the panels were loosened. A hundred years ago major repairs were undertaken and attempts to restore some of them made. In the current restoration, Professor Whittemore and his assistants had to be extremely careful to avoid further damage. In 1935 they began the task of uncovering the mosaics in the northern apse, where the figure of the Archangel Gabriel stands, using dentist's drills to probe through the plaster. But even the greatest care could not prevent the occasional loosening of sections of the mosaics. Where such parts could be saved, they were secured with tiny clamps of rustproof steel sunk into

TIME'S RAVAGES have hurt this Angel Gabriel panel, causing most of the tessellae in upper half to fall out. Panel, one of church's earliest, is 17 feet high.





the brick wall. Where they had fallen away entirely, Professor Whittemore attempted no restoration but left them as he had found them.

The mosaics had been designed on a gigantic scale, but the work that completed them was of the most delicate and painstaking kind. Regiments of mosaic setters under the direction of a supervisor set the tiny tessellae, none bigger than a small fingernail, into the still soft, slow-setting plaster on which the whole design had been painted in color. The tiny stones, made of marble, porphyry or other colored stone, as well as glass into which gold or silver leaf was fused, were set at exact angles so they would properly reflect the light and color without distorting the design. About 52,000 tessellae were used in every square yard, and in the dimension of the whole panel each shrank to the relative proportions of a brush stroke in a painting.



TESSELLAE (SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE) GLOW WITH VARIED COLORS

MOSLEM DEFACING almost obliterated this Byzantine cross, which was anathema to the Turks. They painted a design over it, joined arms with lines.







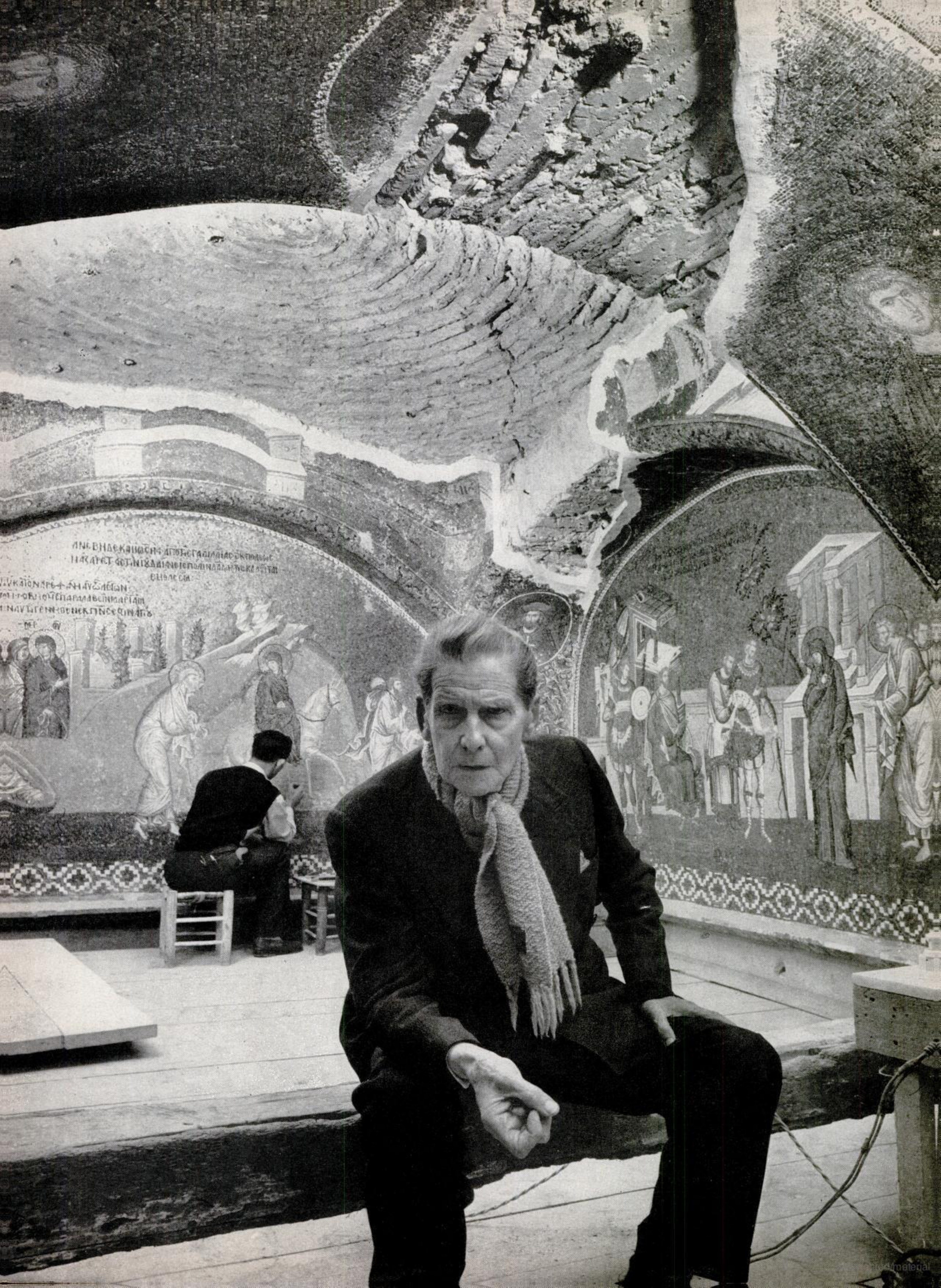
HEAD OF ST. JOHN in the Deesis Panel is a mass of curving, twisting lines of tessellae. This panel was uncovered in the southern gallery of Haghia Sophia.

## A CLIMACTIC EXAMPLE OF HAGHIA SOPHIA'S MOSAICS AND THEIR RESTORER

The tragically beautiful head of St. John the Baptist (*above*) represents a climax in Byzantine mosaic art. In this 12th Century portrait the placid, two-dimensional figures of earlier centuries are replaced by an intensity and realism comparable to the work of early Renaissance painters, who were influenced by such mosaics. The panel in which this head of St. John appears, known as the Deesis from the Greek word "supplication," shows John and the Virgin in attitudes of entreaty before Christ. Professor Whittemore (*opposite page*) had finished his report on the Deesis and was getting it ready for publication when, last June, he died suddenly of a heart attack. He had been working on his beloved mosaics for 18 years. His associates are carrying on the laborious, rewarding task of rediscovering what the world has come to recognize as some of its purest and most enduring works of art.

PROFESSOR WHITTEMORE, shortly before his death, rests in the Chora Church while assistant cleans mosaics of Journey to Egypt and Taking the Census. ➔









# With My Own Eyes

## U.S. COMIC POET LAUREATE REPORTS FOR "LIFE" ON THE LECTURE CIRCUIT

*Ogden Nash, who is a quick coiner of outrageous rhymes and a sharp-eyed reporter of the social scene, recently submitted himself to the American rite of the lecture circuit. Writers turned lecturers nearly always bite the hands that applaud and feed them, but Mr. Nash felt otherwise. The editors of LIFE therefore invited the country's comic poet laureate to speak out as he does in the poem on these pages. The illustrations are by Richard Erdoes. Mr. Nash's 11th book, Family Reunion (Little, Brown; \$2.50), was published last month.*

BY OGDEN NASH

**H**<sup>1</sup>ow often I've been overawed  
By visiting lecturers from abroad,  
Who glimpse our land in ten-day trips,  
Between inbound and outbound ships,  
Returning swiftly to their homes  
To write encyclopedic tomes  
Condemning all, not overlooking  
Our wives, our culture and our cooking.

**O**<sup>2</sup>f late, however, the foreign celebrity  
Has yielded to native muliebrity,  
By which ten-dollar phrase I mean  
That lady lecturers stole the scene.  
And how shall we distinguish, then,  
The feminine speakers from the men?  
The ladies have different architecture,  
And make more money when they lecture.

**B**<sup>3</sup>ut be they man or be they woman  
Lecturers have one trait in common;  
For both the ladies and the gents  
Seem to deplore their audience,  
Wherefore they charge their hearers twice,  
Their hearers pay a double price,  
And double jeopardy they tote about;  
First to be talked at, then to be wrote about.

**H**<sup>4</sup>ow Fate on lecturers unleashes  
Woes not unleashed on lesser species!  
In return for money, plus expenses,  
They suffer uncouth experi-ences.  
What C.P.A. has come across  
Raw oysters bathed in chocolate sauce?  
What salesman roaming all the earth  
Finds hedgehogs in his lower berth?

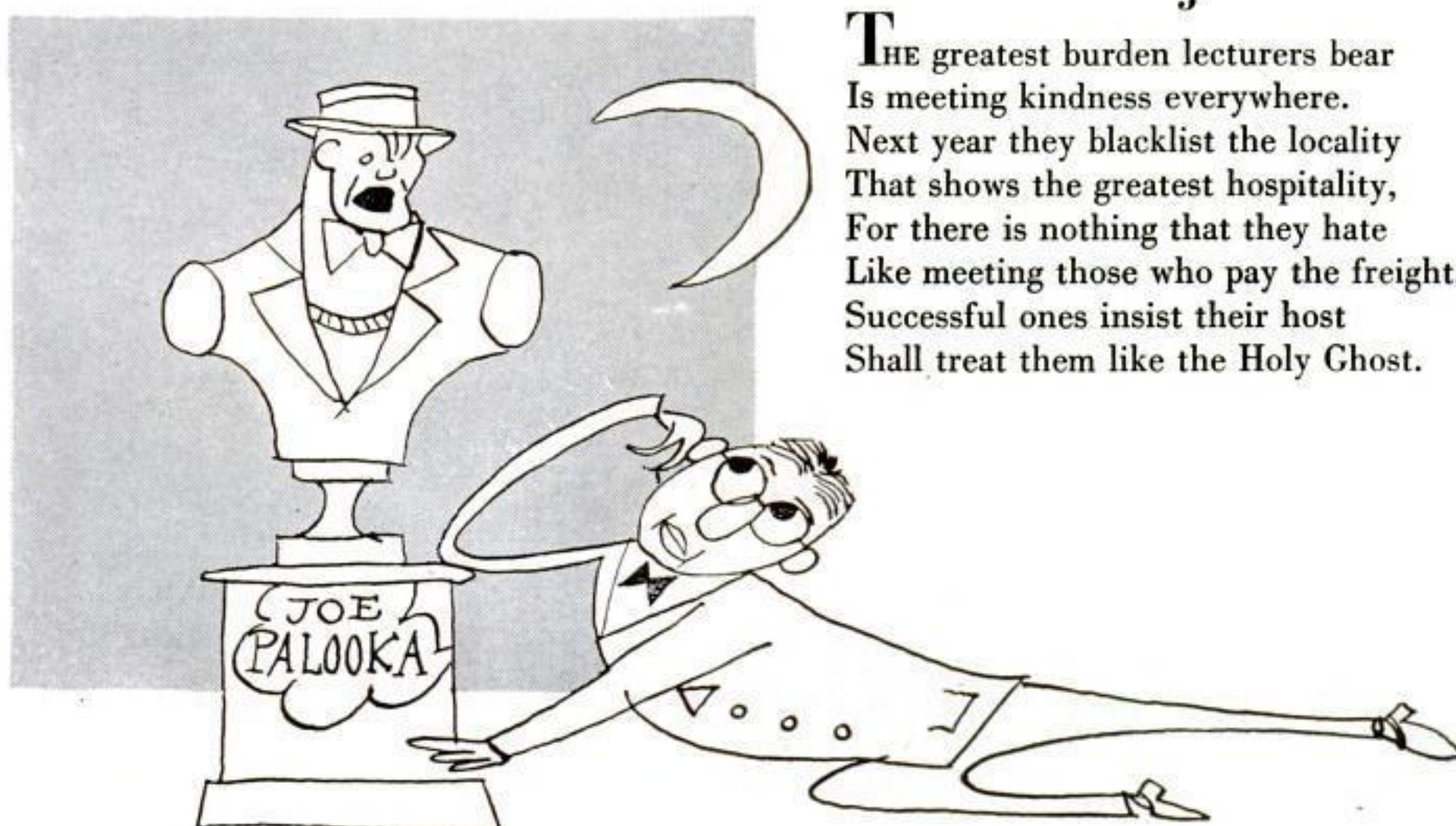
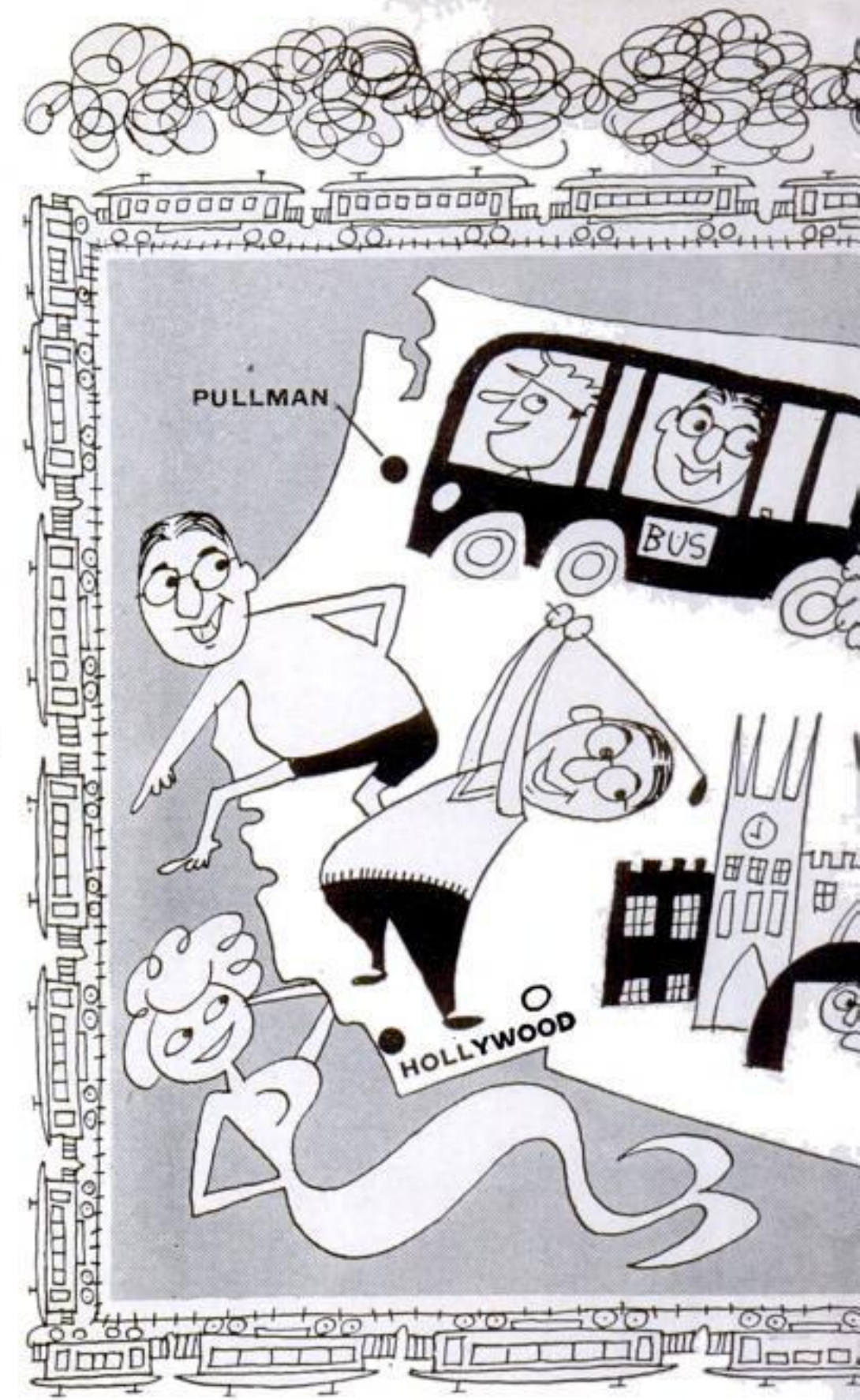
**T**<sup>5</sup>he greatest burden lecturers bear  
Is meeting kindness everywhere.  
Next year they blacklist the locality  
That shows the greatest hospitality,  
For there is nothing that they hate  
Like meeting those who pay the freight.  
Successful ones insist their host  
Shall treat them like the Holy Ghost.

**W**<sup>6</sup>ell, after this morose preamble,  
I take a calculated gamble.  
Remembering a recent trek,  
I venture to stick out my neck,  
For I have hoisted on the platform  
My tall but in-the-middle-fat form,  
And purpose, if it please the court,  
To file a minority report.

**I**<sup>7</sup>do not claim, with brash effrontery,  
That I have covered all the country;  
Still, for a freshman in the art,  
I've made a reasonable start,  
And lived in twenty-seven states  
Through fifty-seven lecture dates.  
Some people North and West and South  
Don't know I ever close my mouth.

**F**<sup>8</sup>rom Baltimore on the Chesapeake  
I set out to speak and speak and speak.  
I rode the Santa Fe and Pennsy,  
And motored in S.C. and in N.C.,  
And omnibused vertically, by gosh,  
From Lewiston, Ida. to Pullman, Wash.  
I learned that speaking brings on eczema,  
And it's Yaki-ma, and not Ya-kima.

**I**<sup>9</sup>'ve swallowed, in storms I near got lost in,  
Dust in Texas and snow in Boston,  
I've had waffle cookies in Fond du Lac,  
And in Lincoln, a sacroiliac,  
A token of Bryan's jealous wrath,  
But I found an Omaha osteopath,  
Thanks to whose ministrations fabulous  
Neb. is to me no longer nebulous.







**MR. NASH'S JOYOUS JUNKET** as combination barnstorming poetry-reader and goggle-eyed tourist took him from coast to coast, north and south, through 27 states.

In this fanciful map the artist shows the various modes of travel, gustatory delights, climates, amusements and the sacroiliac (in Nebraska) Mr. Nash recalls in his poem.

10

I've followed northbound spring uphill  
From Georgia to Jefferson's Charlottesville,  
I've watched the garish Hollywood golfers,  
And basketball at Gustavus Adolphus,  
And on the shores of Puget Sound  
The original theater in the round;  
And be it anomalous, or anamolous,  
I've enlightened the scientists at Los Alamos.

11

IN Cleveland I've roamed Lake Erie's side,  
Two full-fledged rabbis for my guide,  
Baited professors without rebuke  
Over a midnight-cap at Duke,  
And in Florida, without a Collins,  
Seen a president installed at Rollins.  
I've seen the cypress and the yucca,  
And a limestone statue of Joe Palooka.

12

HARDLY among our current scarcities  
Are colleges and universities;  
So far I've visited thirty of them,  
And, since they've been polite, I love them.  
During the progress of my calls  
On Quonset huts and ivied halls  
I found no student and no dean  
Resembling those upon the screen.

13

COLLEGES great and small I saw,  
Chicago and Kent and Wichita,  
Northwestern and Northern Idaho,  
Washington, Pittsburgh, New Mexico.  
Everywhere kids and GIs together  
Were chasing ideas, hell for leather,  
Time has plowed under dear old Siwash;  
The freshwater college jape is eye-wash.

14

THE noses in dust I'd like to rub  
Of those who jeer at the woman's club.  
They seem to deem male joiners manly,  
Like Hemingway, Livingstone and Stanley,  
But should the women form in groups,  
It proves them pretentious nincompoops.  
Yet between Spokane and Grand Rapids  
I noted a dearth of female Babbitts.

15

THE ladies accept the rap unheeding  
And quietly keep up their reading.  
The members as well as Madam Chairman  
Know Christopher Fry from S. N. Behrman;  
They know Brancusi from St. Gaudens,  
And Eliot's point of view from Auden's.  
Some are even as handy with Greek and Latin  
As any glamour girl in Manhattan.

16

I RECENTLY read with astonishment genuine  
A book that the author derided their menu in,  
Whose every chapter was all adrip  
With peanut butter and marshmallow whip.  
Why, before and after intoning ballads  
I ate steaks and turkeys and plain green salads,  
And from Sacramento to Cincinnati  
I never caught sight of a chicken patty.

17

THERE's lots of land between the oceans,  
And lots of people with lots of notions,  
They're rural, and urban, and suburban;  
They drink coffee, or Coke, or Scotch, or bourbon;  
And every region is proud to preach  
Its way of life and way of speech;  
Every state is a separate star,  
With its own approach to the letter R.

18

THE Middle West is doing nice  
And doesn't need the East's advice;  
It reads the Colonel for his comics,  
Not for his theories on atomics.  
The South may consign the North to Sheol  
For confusing you-all with thou-all or thee-all;  
But it seemed to me, from where I stood,  
Our relations with us were pretty good.

19

KANSANS, New Englanders, Carolinians  
Stick to their ornery own opinions;  
People don't swallow political prattle  
With the single-mindedness of cattle;  
People in overalls or mink  
Are smarter than politicians think;  
There is still a God's plenty left in people  
Of the little red school and the tall white steeple.

20

I do not claim to be an oracle,  
I state no statements categorical,  
I'm just saying thanks for what I found  
While I was wandering around.  
Humility is a wholesome victual,  
But why shouldn't the eagle scream a little?  
If we differ on Truman or vivisection  
We can always wait for the next election.

21

THAT the Stork is New York and America Billingsley  
Is a party line I'd follow unwillingsley,  
So here's a thought which could be worse,  
If you're East, look West, and vice versa.  
The piano stretches from seaboard to seaboard;  
Strike all the notes upon the keyboard.  
The harmony rises, eagle-flighted,  
The United States are still united.





**A RAFFISH PARADE** of Runyon's Broadway characters opens the show. Starting at the far left, they include: a cop; Gambler Nathan Detroit arguing with

his blond fiancée; a blind beggar; prizefighter in training; two chorus girls; sight-seeing guide; cameraman shooting three sightseers; mission band; two sharpies

## NOW, FUN FOR GROWNUPS

Damon Runyon's assorted sinners are the heroes of "Guys and Dolls"

Nathan Detroit had troubles, but not with women. For 14 years he had been engaged to Adelaide, a dancer in a Broadway hot spot, and he meant to marry her any minute. His big trouble was he needed to raise \$1,000 to rent space in a garage where a crap game could be held for a distinguished gathering of sinners in decent

**NATHAN GETS TOUSELED** by Adelaide (Vivian Blaine), who sings big song hit, *Bushel and a Peck*.



**TIPSY MISSION GIRL**, Sarah, startles escort, Sky Masterson, by singing "If I were a bell I'd ring. . ."



**EPIC CRAP GAME** is held in spacious sewer where Masterson (Robert Alda), after being converted by







silhouetted in foreground; floozy; pickpocket; big butter and egg man from Texas; paper doll vendor and his lady accomplice who makes the doll dance by invisible

thread; bobby soxers getting autographs from visiting celebrities; Nicely-Nicely and Benny Southstreet talking to Brannigan, the detective; newsstand owner.

seclusion from the cops. To get the cash, Nathan bet handsome Sky Masterson \$1,000 that he could not entice Sarah, a pure and pretty mission lass, to Havana. Sky won the bet but was so overcome by true love he refused to admit his conquest and decided to cough up the grand.

With some embellishments, this is the story

of *Guys and Dolls*, the most admired musical to reach Broadway since *South Pacific*. Based on a tale by the late Damon Runyon and using a whole lineup of Runyon gamblers and grifters, the show brings glory to its creators: Bookwriters Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, Songwriter Frank Loesser and Director George Kaufman,

who has made a comeback after six luckless years. The cast is triumphantly Runyonesque, with Sam Levene as Nathan Detroit and Isabel Bigley as Sarah, who sings strong and clear as a new church bell and has just the kind of freshly scrubbed beauty to bring out the sentimental chivalry in Runyon's knights of the crap table.

his mission sweetheart, rolls dice on a bet to make his sinner cronies come to her mission. His roll wins.

**A MIGHTY SINNER**, Big Jule swears he is good boy though he is scourge of the Chicago underworld.

**NICELY-NICELY** (Stubby Kaye) sings a rousing confession of sins, *Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat*.



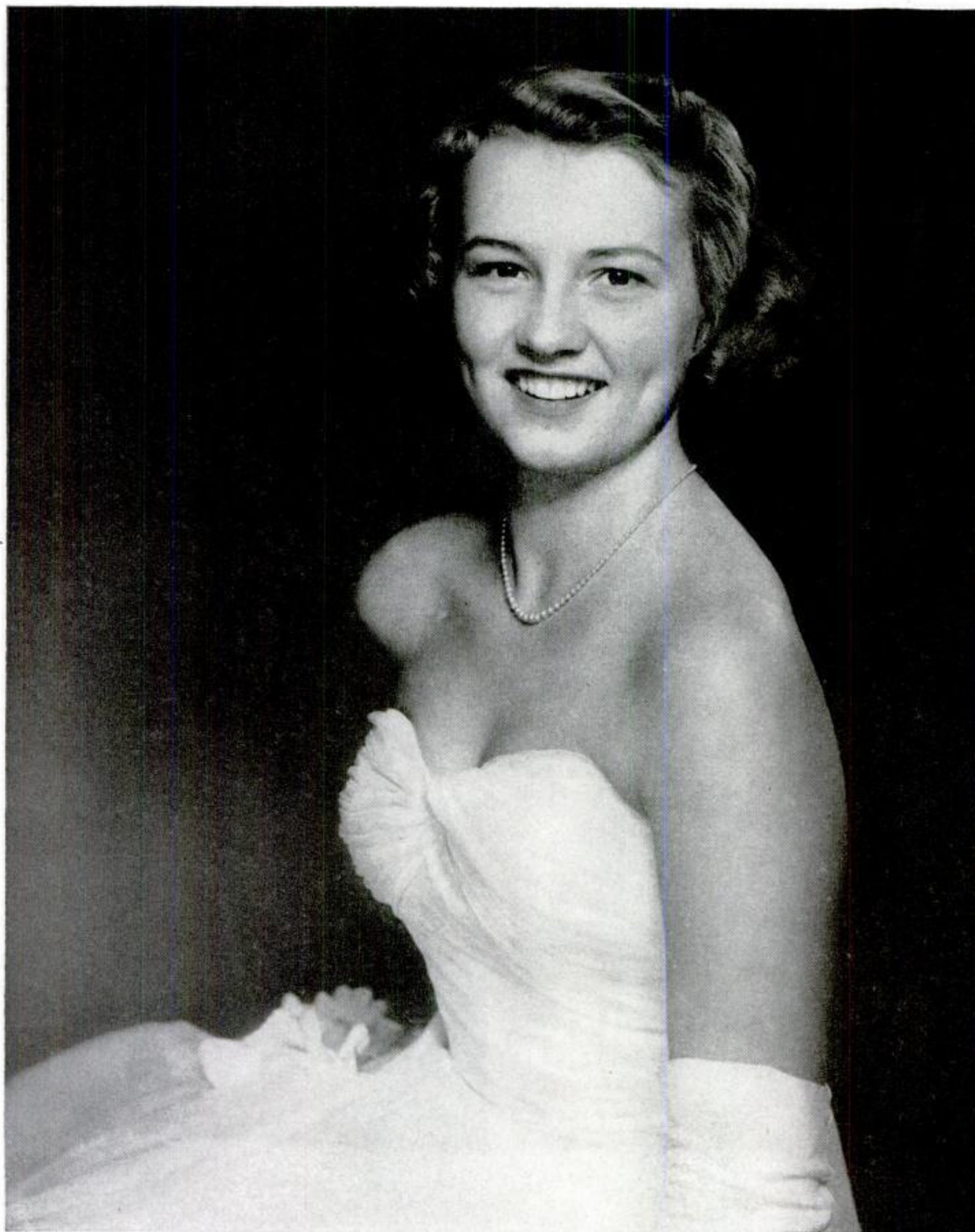






### *New Orleans*

Anne Williams (*opposite page*), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Williams, made her debut at a tea on Thanksgiving. A junior at Sarah Lawrence College near New York, she hopes to go on stage next year.



### *Baltimore*

Eleanor Tydings (*left*), the daughter of Maryland's Senator Millard Tydings, was presented in Washington at the Sulgrave Club and in Baltimore at the Bachelor's Cotillion. She is an accomplished pianist.

# *America's Leading Debutantes*

*These girls are being welcomed to society in nine U.S. cities*

Every December the rustle of ballroom dresses and the crackle of starched shirt fronts signal the quickening of a centuries-old custom—the presenting of eligible daughters to polite society. In almost all U.S. cities a debutante is 18 and wears white, but aside from these there are few similarities. In some Midwestern areas a girl gets far more social prestige by being elected queen of a big civic ball than by having a big coming-out party. In Charleston, S.C. an invitation to the St. Cecilia Ball is the surest sign of social acceptance. Some cities have a debutante season lasting only from Thanksgiving until New Year's. In others there is an increasing vogue for debutante parties in June. In New York the huge extravagant private balls that were given to girls like Barbara Hutton and Brenda

Frazier are giving way to large subscription dances where scores of girls come out jointly. But despite the war and the changing customs of society, the debutante system appears to be losing no ground. An early count made in New York this year revealed 315 girls eligible to come out, a third more than last year.

In any one year there are girls who rank ahead of others in family background, personality and good looks, or because they have been awarded some coveted social honor. On these and the next four pages LIFE presents some of this year's leading debutantes in nine U.S. cities. Whatever the type of party they are given, they will be toasted, applauded, praised and waltzed around in what, for many, will be a supreme moment of their lives.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





### *San Francisco*

Mariana Casserly (*above*), who is a student at New York's Finch College, will return to the coast for her reception this weekend at the Burlingame Country Club and for San Francisco's Cotillion Ball next week. She will wear this silk faille dress to the Cotillion.



### *Detroit*

Lydia Buhl (*above*), the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Henry Buhl, graduated last June from Miss Hewitt's Classes, a school in New York. She made her formal debut last June at evening dance at her parents' home in Grosse Pointe Park, near Detroit.

### *St. Louis*

Eleanor Koehler (*below*) will be formally presented to St. Louis society this weekend at a country club dance, but her election to queen of the city's annual Veiled Prophet Ball last October automatically made her the city's leading debutante. Her reign as queen continues until next October.



### *Philadelphia*

Mary Eustis Thayer (*below*), a freshman at the University of Pennsylvania, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Thayer. Mr. Thayer was once commander of Philadelphia's swank First City Troop. "Eusie" is being presented at the Assembly Ball this weekend, an affair begun in 1748.







### *Chicago*

Alice Pirie, whose father, John T. Pirie II, is a vice president of the Carson Pirie Scott & Co. store in Chicago, came out with four other debutantes at a private dance last June at Indian Hill Country Club in Winnetka, Ill. She will be presented again at the Chicago Cotillion this weekend, wearing a nylon net dress decorated with ostrich feathers. Alice is a senior at Finch College in New York.





**Charleston**

Dolly Barnwell Myers (*above*) was president of her class at Ashley Hall School for Girls in Charleston when she graduated last June. Her coming-out will be a cocktail party before Charleston's exclusive St. Cecilia Ball on Jan. 11, which she will attend. A granddaughter of a federal judge and a niece of Senator Burnet Maybank of South Carolina, Dolly has been in New York studying to be a model.

**New York**

Caroline Lee Bouvier (*opposite page*), a freshman at Sarah Lawrence College, was given a coming-out party by her mother, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, last June at Merrywood, the Auchincloss home in McLean, Va. But she was also presented at the Junior Assembly in New York, where her father lives, and by general consensus of New York's society arbiters and editors she is the city's leading debutante. ➔



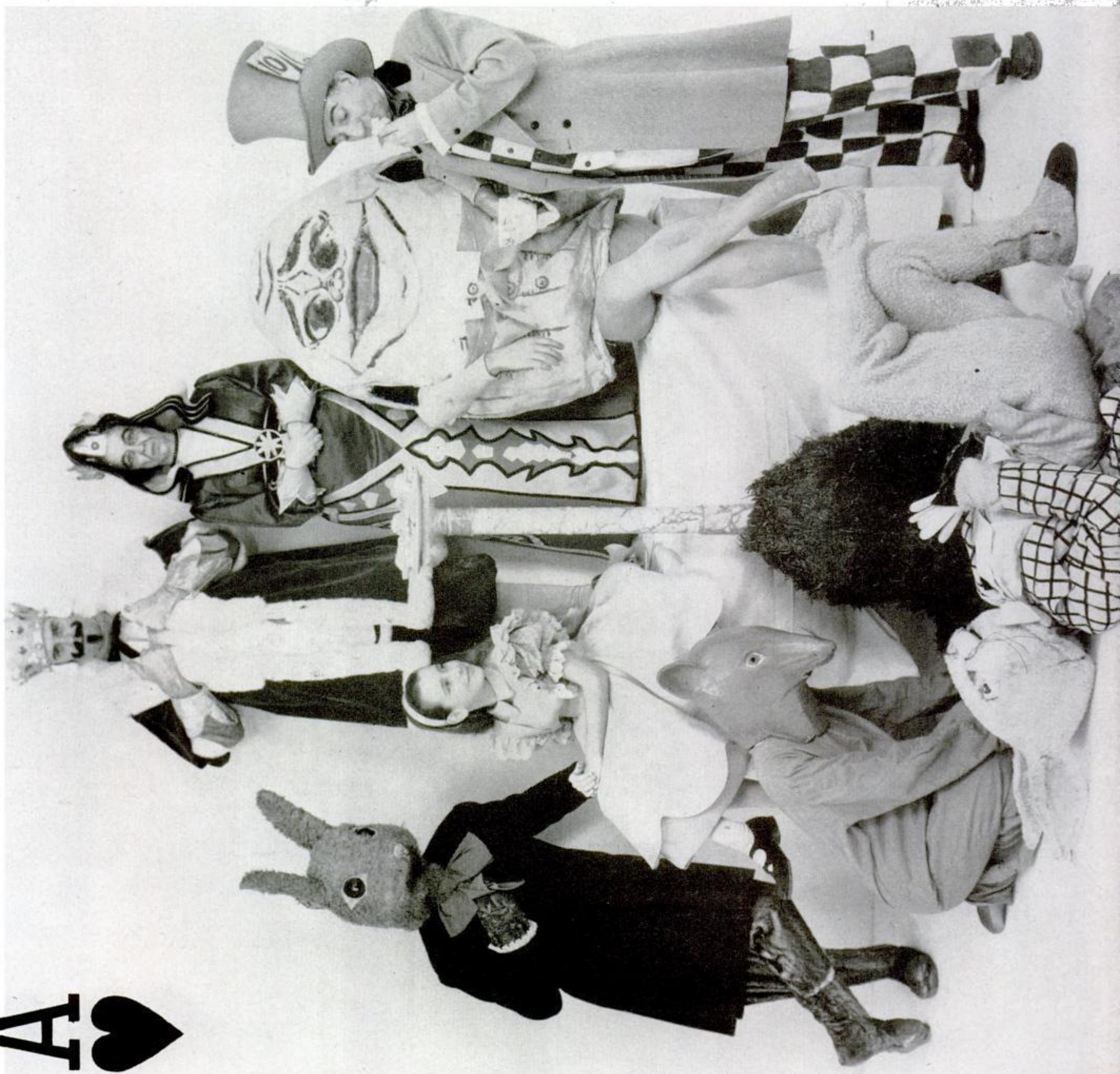






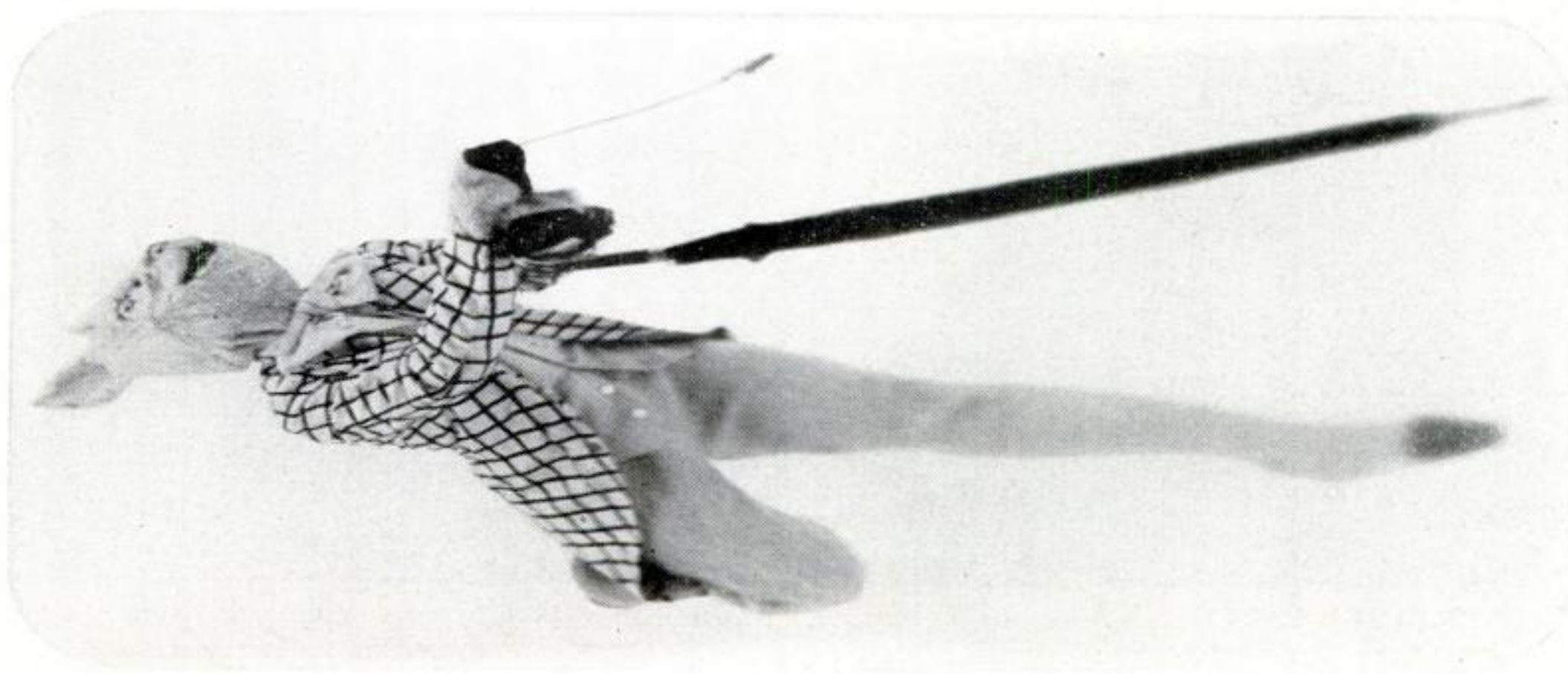
*Life Visits  
Wonderland*

**AGELESS ALICE MAKES  
HER TELEVISION DEBUT**

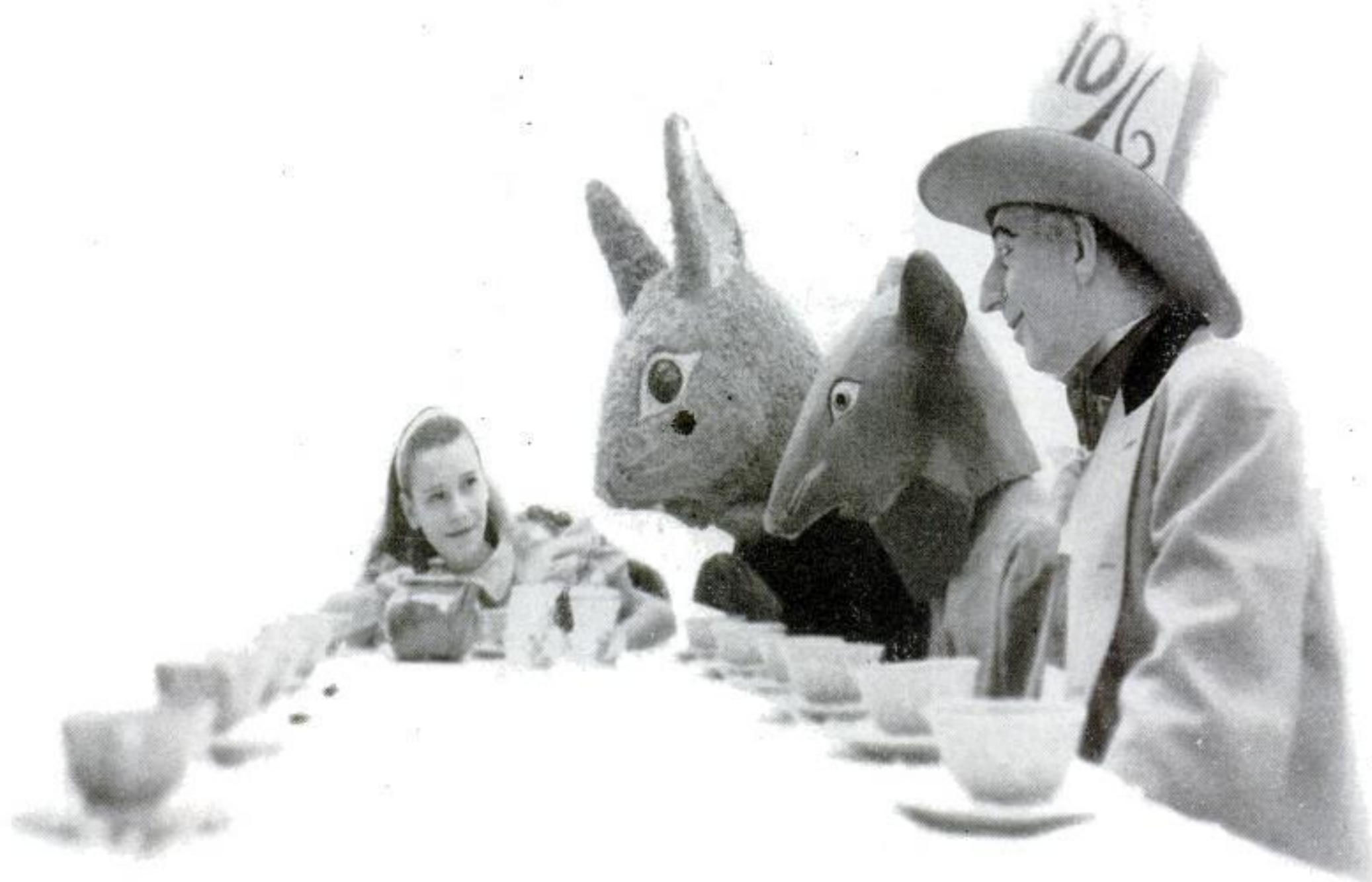




**A**GELESS and strange in the costumes Sir John Tenniel designed for them 85 years ago, the characters of *Alice in Wonderland* made their bigtime TV debut last week on the Ford Theater. Photographing the TV cast, Milton Greene caught the disquieting effect of change peculiar to Lewis Carroll's underground world in his strikingly distorted pictures of Iris Mann as Alice (*above*) and Dorothy Jarnac as the White Rabbit (*below*). At the right he has joined them with a whole lump of Wonderlanders—the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the Dormouse, Humpty Dumpty, the King and Queen of Hearts with their tarts—right side up and topsy-turvy to make a giant playing card.





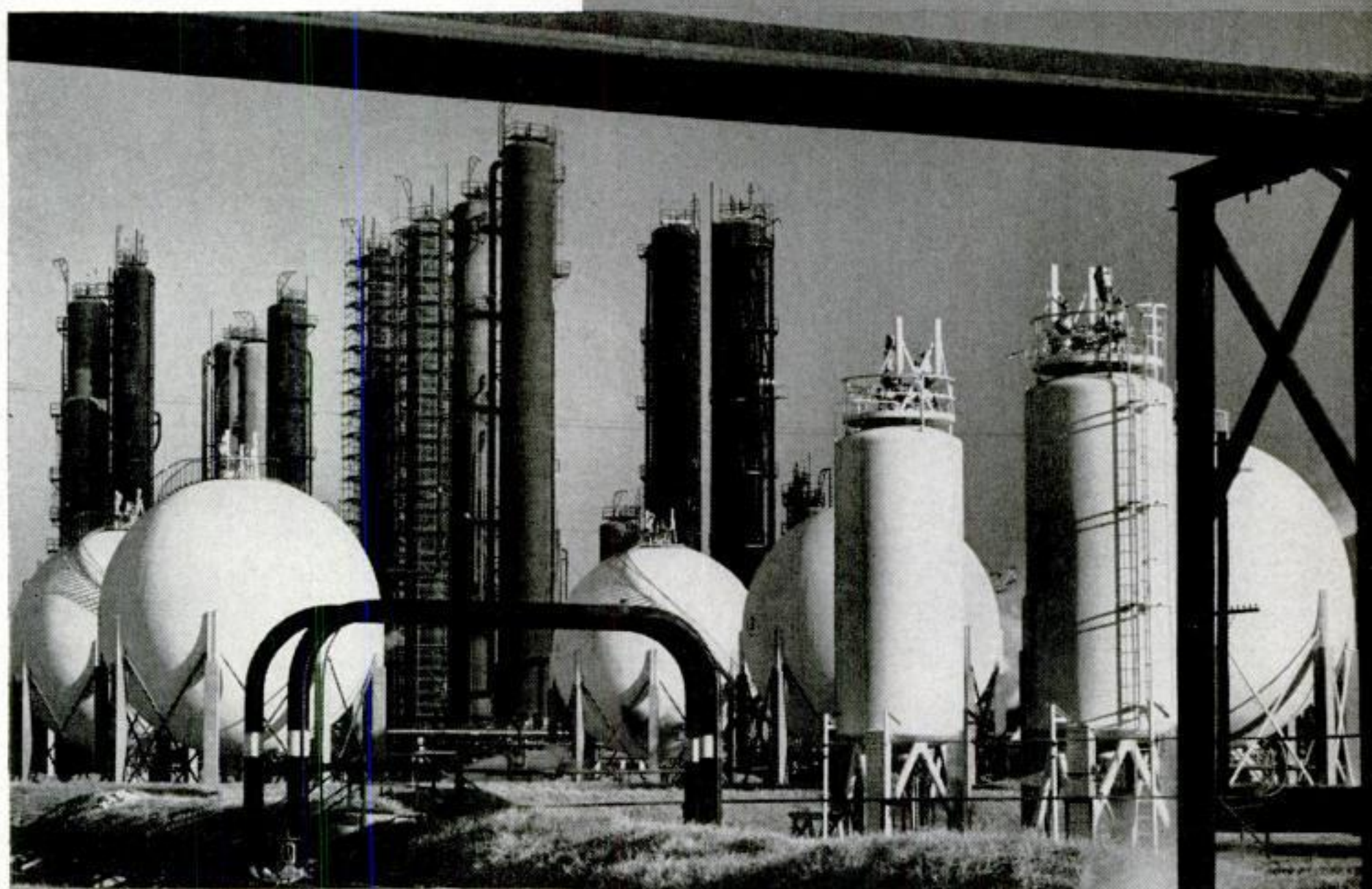


**MAD TEA PARTY** finds Alice, the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the Dormouse and their elongated reflections at a fairly friendly stage of the

proceedings. Iris Mann, who plays Alice, was a *LIFE* cover girl last spring when she was in *The Innocents* acting an English child with Alicelike hairdo.



# About Next Week's **LIFE**



Next week, in the first issue of a new year—a year of enormous demands and grave national responsibility—LIFE will give its readers a long-range look at some of the major assets of the U.S.

Some of the articles have been in preparation for months. They were started after we had taken a fighting stand against Communist aggression in Korea, at a time when the free nations of the world were looking more urgently than ever to us as the country that could provide the help they needed. How good, LIFE's editors wanted to know, were our basic resources?

Next week's LIFE will show how good they are.

The nation's greatest war asset, its productive capacity, will be exemplified by a 13-page story on world-spanning General Motors, the country's biggest manufacturer. Atomic energy will be reported in terms of its exciting industrial and biological uses which, however large, are no more than the top of an iceberg when compared to the secret mass of our total atomic skill and capability. The issue takes a searching look at our young men and women—the healthy, brash and self-reliant race growing up on the West Coast; the scientists and businessmen, doctors and engineers, still in their 30s, who have already proved themselves outstanding intellects. An essay on new churches examines the nation's spiritual resources.

Along with these stories LIFE's editors will present next week a special nationwide report which will set forth in words and pictures the up-to-the-minute facts of the country's progress toward full armament—how plants are being converted, how aircraft production is accelerating and how the people are adjusting themselves to their great new tasks.

ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*



# This Nation Under God



AT SIGNING CEREMONY PRESIDED OVER BY DR. FRANKLIN FRY OF UNITED LUTHERANS, LEADERS SIT ON AUDITORIUM STAGE BEFORE DELEGATION BANNERS

## PROTESTANTS UNITE

**U.S. denominations organize National Council  
to combine Christian work in many fields**

After nine years of preparation, what had been called "the most important event in the life of the Protestant Church since the Reformation" took place last month. In Cleveland, Ohio, 25 Protestant and four Eastern Orthodox churches representing 31 million U.S. church members, came together to form the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. The National Council replaces the Federal Council of Churches and 10 other interdenominational agencies. In setup it is roughly similar to the U.N., bringing Protestant denominations into closer cooperation but not affecting their autonomy. Its most immediate effect will be to merge educational, missionary, evangelistic and social welfare agencies and present a united Protestant front in these fields.

At the convention a formal procession opened the first plenary session. The leaders of the 29 denominations signed documents bringing the council into being. Prayers were said for Truman and the U.N., and several leaders agreed at a press conference that under certain circumstances the U.S.'s use of the atomic bomb might be justified. At the end the council's new president, the Rt. Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill of the Protestant Episcopal Church, warned the 4,000 delegates that "without a deeper unity of the spirit all our plans are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."



**DELEGATION LEADERS** march to stage. Of all major U.S. Protestant denominations, only Southern Baptists and Missouri Synod Lutherans did not join the council.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79





"Sing pretty, Joe —  
they're making Coffee!"



"M-M-M...  
Nothing Satisfies Like Coffee!"

"M-m-m! Nothing Smells as Good as Coffee!"

Who wouldn't give out with an extra-sweet refrain of "Silent Night" when the reward's fragrant, steaming hot coffee. A-h-h-h, that tantalizing aroma! You can't mistake it!

"M-m-m! Nothing Tastes as Good as Coffee!"

Christmas time or any time—at home or in your favorite restaurant—rich, freshly-brewed coffee is a treat! Yet, with every meal you can enjoy it for practically a song.

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y. • Brazil • Colombia • Costa Rica • Cuba • Dominican Republic • El Salvador • Guatemala • Honduras • Mexico • Venezuela



It takes an average of 5 long years before a coffee tree fully matures and reaches the point of normal production.



The average tree, when it is fully developed, yields the equivalent of only 1½ pounds of roasted coffee during a whole year.



About 3500 hand-picked coffee beans make 1 pound. Surprising that rich, home-brewed coffee costs just a few pennies a cup!





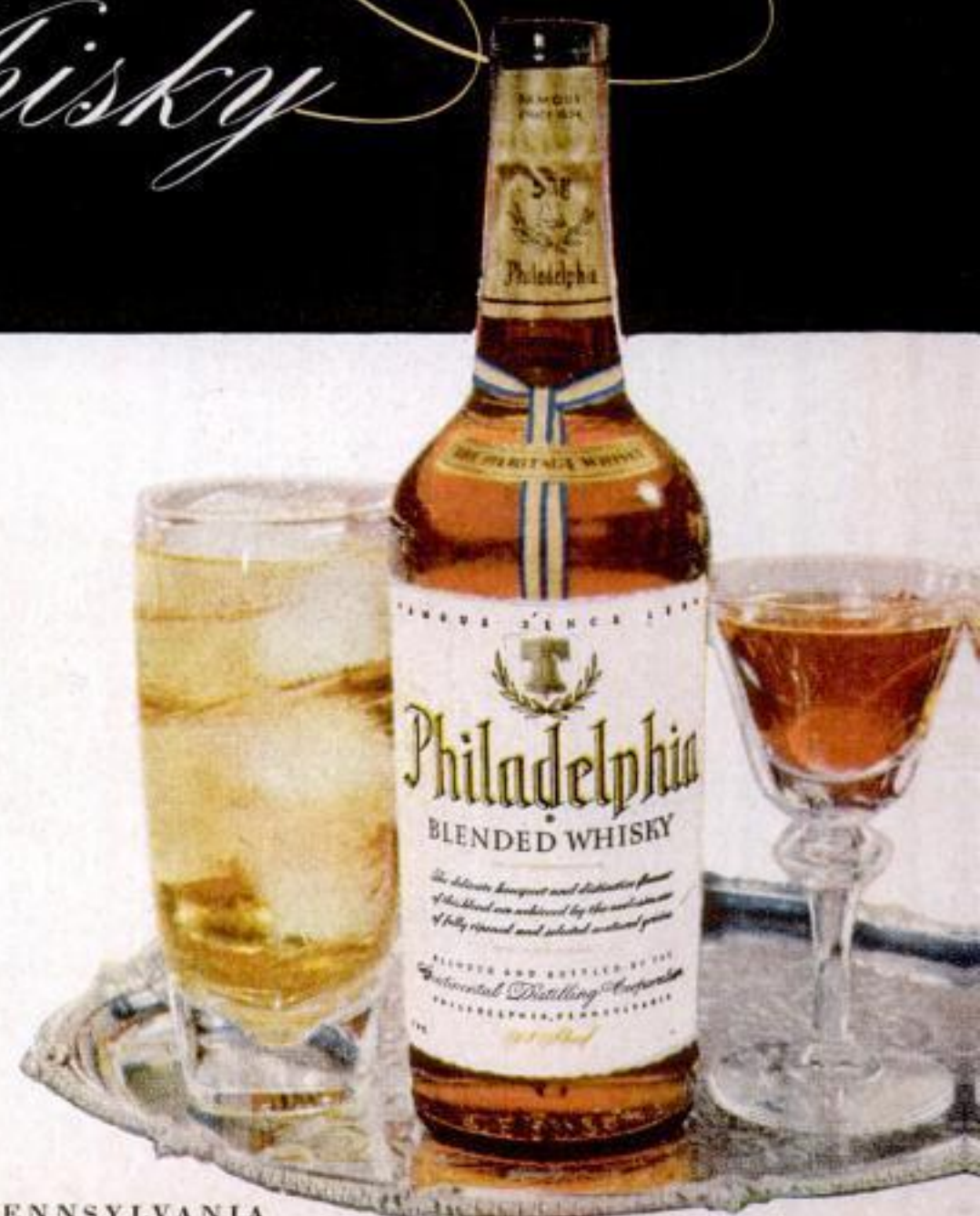
Philadelphia  
BLENDED WHISKY  
*The Heritage Whisky*

## BLEND E D W H I S K Y

*The Heritage Whisky*

GOOD TASTE THROUGH THE YEARS...

From generation to generation the good word about this finer whisky has been passed along. For Philadelphia has long been noted as a whisky of undisputed superiority and pleasing flavor. It is indeed a special occasion whisky, yet you can afford to enjoy it regularly and often.



\*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION • PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA





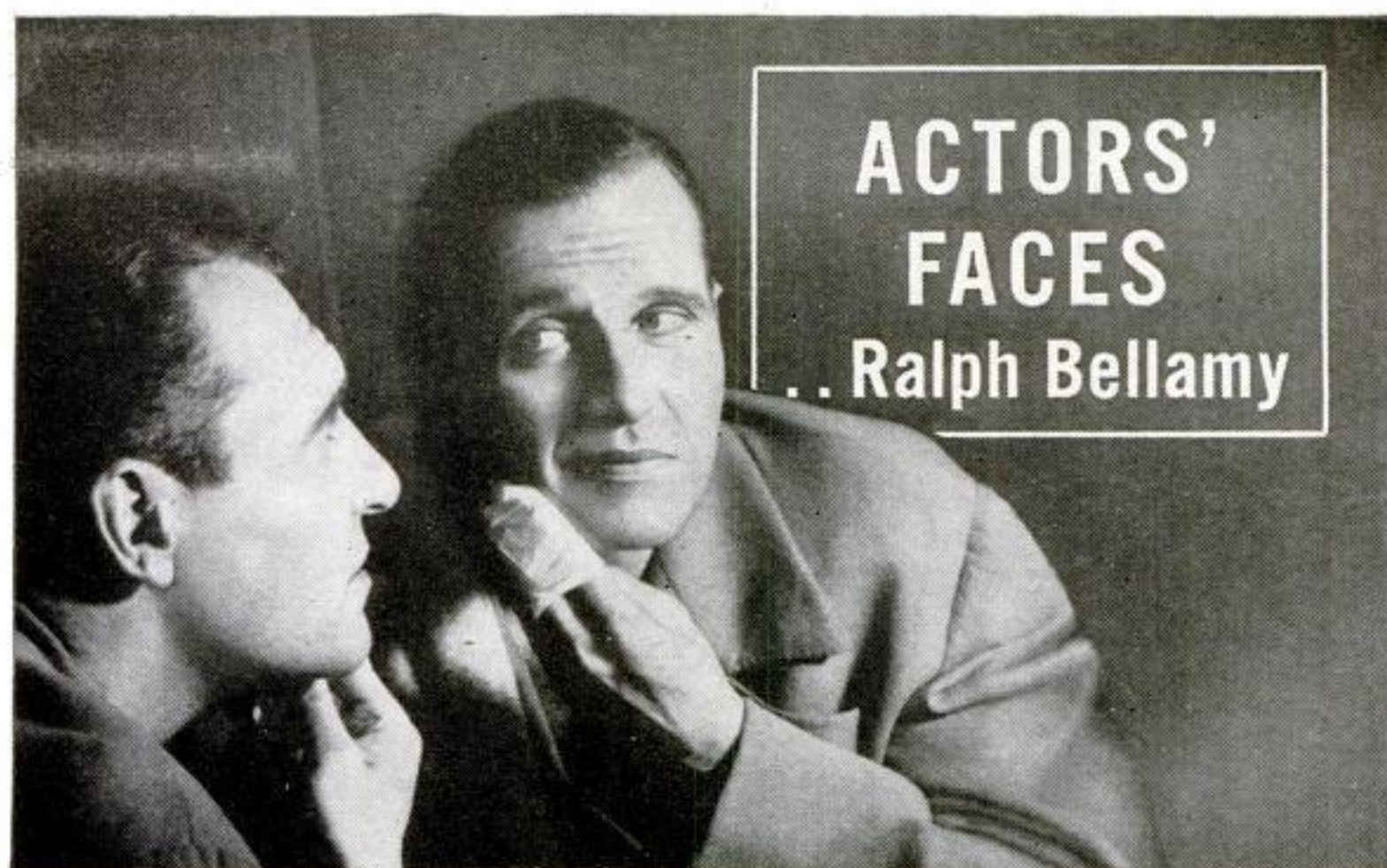
**RUSSIAN ORTHODOX LEADERS**, including Georges Florovsky, dean of St. Vladimir's Seminary (fixing collar), confer with Dr. Samuel Cavert (right).



**THREE BISHOPS** of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, one of five Negro denominations present, have chat after a convention morning session.



**DUTCH ECCLESIASTIC**, Dr. Visser't Hooft (touching nose), drops in at buffet. He is secretary of World Council with which new council cooperates.



Ralph Bellamy, distinguished star of stage and screen

## Actors' faces are extra-sensitive

But Ralph Bellamy finds this remarkable new shaving cream helps keep his face youthfully soft and good-looking!

Actors, more than any other group of men, must look their young, healthy best at all times. But wearing and removing heavy stage make-up leaves actors' faces extra-sensitive. This means painful discomfort during shaving and can even lead to wrinkled, old-looking skin.

To help actors—and other men with sensitive skin—maintain a young and healthy appearance, The J. B. Williams Company has added an amazing new substance to Williams Shaving Cream. This new ingredient, Extract of Lanolin, helps protect the

face against excessive dryness and daily blade scrape.

Now—every time you shave with the New Williams Shaving Cream—you give your face the benefit of Extract of Lanolin, which helps preserve the youthful qualities of the skin. If your position calls for a well-groomed look from morning till night, or if your face is sensitive to the sharp cutting edge of your razor, you'll want to start using the New Williams Shaving Cream right away. *Same tube—same carton—but now containing wonderful new "Extract of Lanolin!"*

## HOW MANY PEOPLE READ LIFE?

(From one to thirteen average issues)\*

No. of People

Audience reached by	
One issue	23,950,000
Two issues	34,400,000
Three	41,100,000
Four	45,850,000
Five	49,550,000
Six	52,500,000
Seven	54,900,000
Eight	56,900,000
Nine	57,900,000
Ten	59,350,000
Eleven	60,600,000
Twelve	61,650,000
Thirteen	62,600,000

\*From a Study of the Accumulative Audience of LIFE by Alfred Politz Research, Inc., 1950.

# TUMS

## Relieve Hangover

from OVER-SMOKING  
or  
from OVER-EATING

If you suffer Hangover of acid indigestion when you smoke too much, or eat too much rich food—do this: Slip a couple of Tums in your mouth. Tums soothe, sweeten your stomach. You feel better right away. So, get all the enjoyment out of life without acid indigestion worry. Get Tums from your druggist today. Only 10¢ a roll; 3 roll package a quarter.

for the tummy

NEED A LAXATIVE TOO?

Try a 25¢ Box

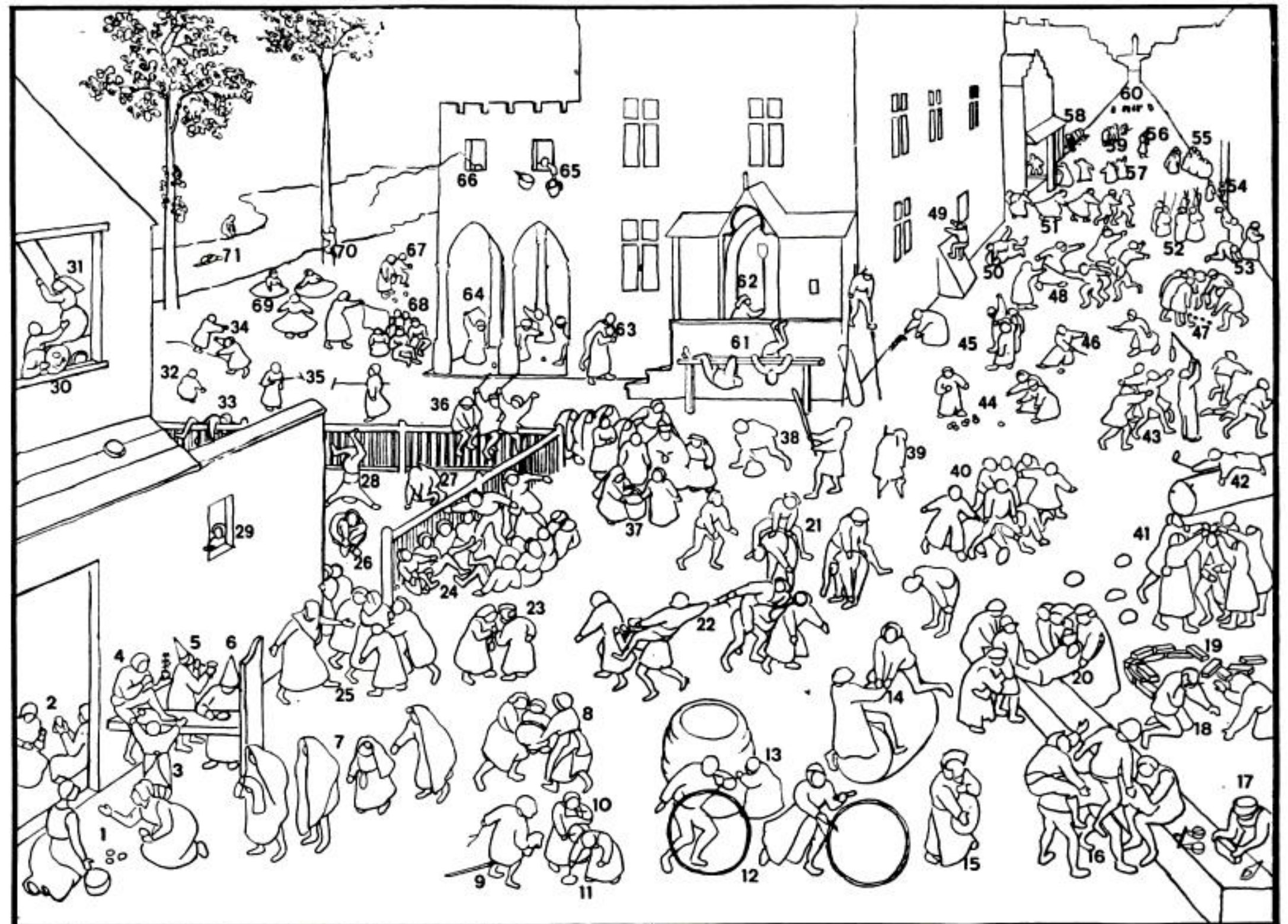
**Nature's Remedy**  
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT



# KEY TO THE PICTURE PUZZLE

Here are the 71 children's games LIFE found in the Breughel painting on pages 30, 31. Each game on the list is indicated by a small corresponding number on the drawing. Some art experts claim that there are as many as 154 games in the painting, but this is very hard to believe. Some of the games are known by various names—"Johnny on the Pony" is also called

"Buck-Buck"; "Handspan" and "Banger" are other terms for "Pitch Penny." A few of the children in the painting could be playing games other than those listed. No. 13 might be "Hide-and-Seek" instead of "Shouting into a barrel." But almost every game shown is still played today, either in the U.S. or in Europe, in much the same manner as in the 1500s.



- 1 JACKS
- 2 DOLLS
- 3 RATTLE
- 4 THREE LITTLE MILLS—an animated toy
- 5 BLOWING BUBBLES
- 6 PLAYING WITH A PET BIRD
- 7 MAKE-BELIEVE CHRISTENING
- 8 CARRY MY LADY TO LONDON
- 9 HOBBYHORSE
- 10 FIFE AND DRUM
- 11 MUD PIE
- 12 HOOPS
- 13 SHOUTING INTO A BARREL
- 14 RIDING A BARREL
- 15 BLOWING UP A BALLOON—really a pig's bladder
- 16 JOHNNY ON THE PONY
- 17 MAKE-BELIEVE STORE
- 18 MUMBLETY-PEG
- 19 BUILDING BLOCKS—really bricks
- 20 BOUNCE THE BABY
- 21 LEAPFROG
- 22 DUEL ON HORSEBACK or TUG OF WAR
- 23 ODD OR EVEN or GUESS WHICH HAND?
- 24 RUNNING THE GANTLET
- 25 BLINDMAN'S BUFF
- 26 ROLLING STONE or WAGON WHEEL
- 27 SOMERSAULT
- 28 HEADSTAND
- 29 POPGUN or PEASHOOTER
- 30 MASK
- 31 SWING
- 32 SAND PILE
- 33 FENCE-CLIMBING
- 34 KING OF THE HILL
- 35 TILTING or TOURNAMENT WITH WINDMILLS
- 36 RIDING A FENCE
- 37 MAKE-BELIEVE WEDDING PROCESSION

- 38 BEAT THE KETTLE  
—blindfolded boy tries to hit kettle
- 39 STILTS
- 40 HAT-TOSSING
- 41 PULLING HAIR
- 42 KILLING FLIES
- 43 CATCH THE WOODEN FISH
- 44 CASTLES—knocking over "castles" made of marbles
- 45 THROWING KNUCKLEBONES—similar to ninepins
- 46 TIP-CAT
- 47 MARBLES
- 48 DEVIL ON THE CHAIN—trying to escape "devil" who is attached by length of chain to player
- 49 CLIMBING CELLAR DOOR
- 50 WRESTLING
- 51 CRACK THE WHIP
- 52 MAKE-BELIEVE PARADE
- 53 HANDSPAN or BANGER—tossing coins against wall
- 54 PLAYING GATEKEEPER
- 55 PLAYING AT ASKING FOR GIRL'S HAND IN MARRIAGE
- 56 RIDING ON SHOULDERS
- 57 FOLLOW THE LEADER
- 58 PUSH OFF THE BENCH
- 59 BAYARD—four brothers on a horse
- 60 BUILDING A BONFIRE
- 61 SWINGING ON HITCHING RAIL
- 62 BROOM BALANCING
- 63 PIGGYBACK
- 64 WHIPPING TOPS
- 65 ST. NICHOLAS' BASKETS—good children get shoes; bad ones get switches
- 66 FLYING A RIBBON
- 67 BOWLING
- 68 WHO AM I GOING TO CHOOSE?
- 69 TURN YOURSELF AROUND
- 70 TREE-CLIMBING
- 71 SWIMMING (with pig's bladder water wings)

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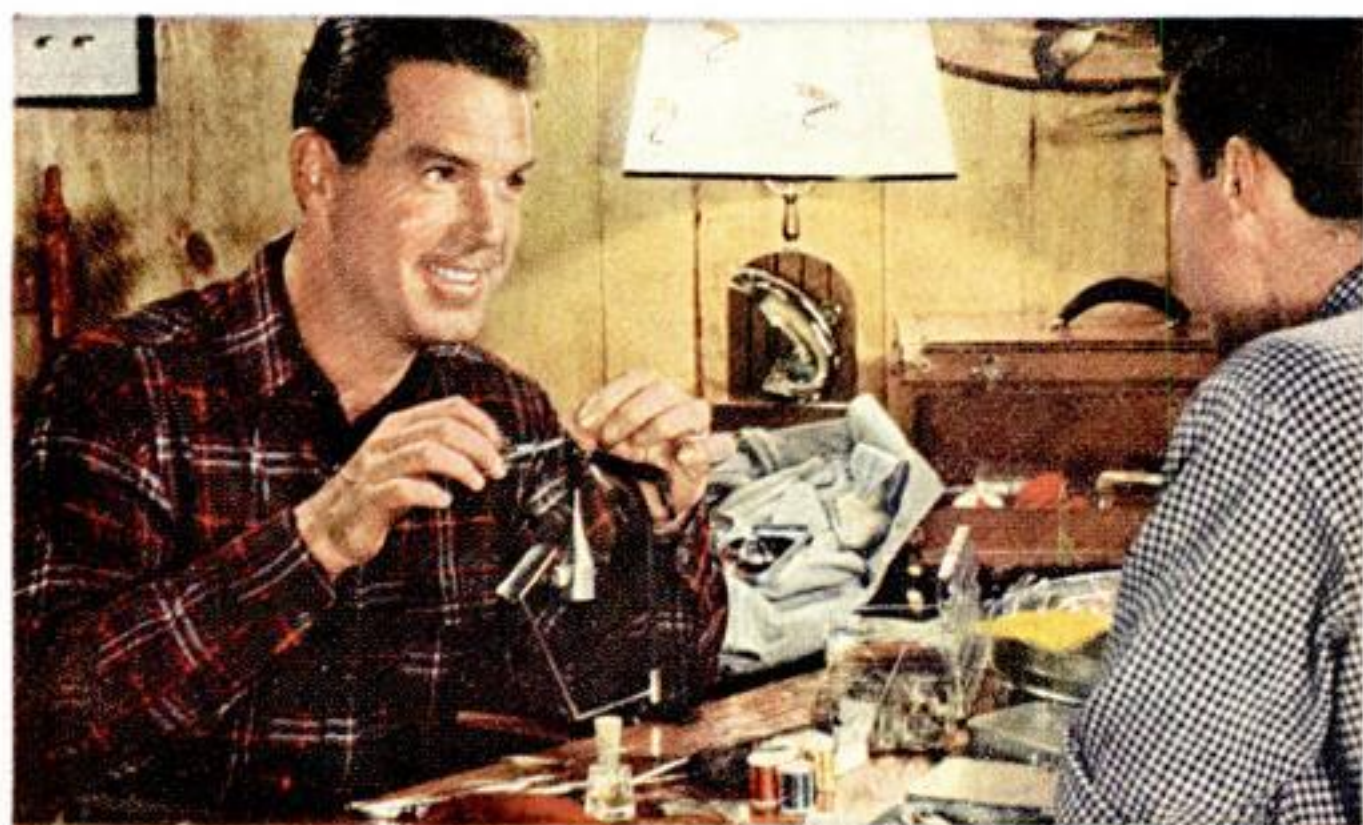


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